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DECEMBER 13, 1976

TIME®

HOWARD HUGHES

A stylized, painterly illustration of Howard Hughes. He is shown from the chest up, wearing a dark turtleneck sweater over a light-colored collared shirt. His right arm is bent, with his hand resting near his shoulder. His left arm is also bent, with his hand near his chest. He has a mustache and dark hair. The background is a textured, reddish-brown color.

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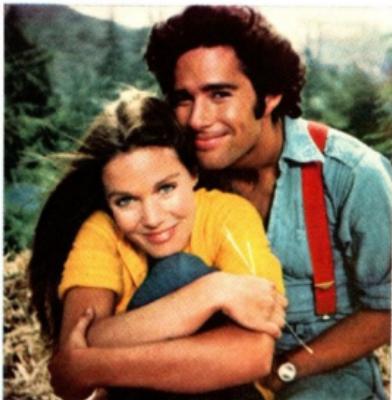
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FORUM

Nothing But Sex

To the Editors:

Re your cover story on *Charlie's Angels* [Nov. 22]: forget the intellectual analysis. The show is nothing but raw sex. I love it.

Jock K. Chung
New Haven, Conn.

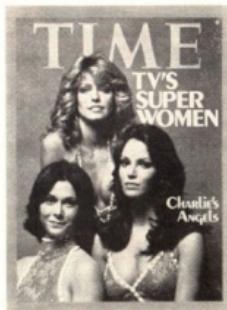
I think I'm in love! Three times over!

J. Brian Lihani
Lexington, Ky.

I want TIME to be food for thought, not to furnish pictures for some bachelor apartment.

Mary L. Strom
Dubuque, Iowa

Charlie's Angels: the show is yet another human sacrifice to the almighty



god Nielsen and a giant step backward for womankind.

Gretchen Pinkerton
Wexford, Pa.

I agree with your critical treatment of "TV's Super Women." But how dare you indict, rather snobbishly, the economic and artistic drives of the networks, as well as the shabby viewing habits of the general public, when TIME so obviously cashes in on the very attitudes it attacks?

Gerhart Waldorf
Chapel Hill, N.C.

After months of apple pie, motherhood and the Jimmy and Jerry show, I needed this.

Rodney K. Reitz
Lutherford, Md.

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In Canada the Christmas rate is \$30. Elsewhere in the world, \$75.

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(including modesty), which brings peace from God, and who oppose sin, which brings damnation and judgment. We are offended by ubiquitous displays of this type, and urge you, in your own area of influence, to restrain yourselves.

David A. DeBell
Annapolis, Md.

Without a doubt, the show's acting is bad, and the plots are even worse. But who cares?

Howard D. Derman
West Lafayette, Ind.

An injustice was done a gentle lady when your "TV's Super Women" made it appear that Jaclyn Smith was cast in *Charlie's Angels* because of her relationship with a producer. Since I am the producer mentioned, I wish to correct the implication. I was producing *The Rookies* at the time Miss Smith was cast in the *Angels* pilot, and she garnered that role on her talent alone.

I did, however, produce the initial seven episodes of *Charlie's Angels*, and you are incorrect in stating that "no one really cares" about the quality of television. Most of us do. And we know we can do better; nonetheless, we do work in a commercial arena, and *Charlie's Angels* was successfully designed as pure escapism with no intellectual pretense.

Rick Husky
Beverly Hills, Calif.

I applaud TIME's giving credit to its staff members for the cover story on *Charlie's Angels*. Editor Martha Duffy, Critic Richard Schickel, et al. It is a pity the same generosity was not extended to whoever created the series. Starting from the blank page, Ben Roberts and I wrote the script and then produced the "slick pilot," which then became a series.

Ivan Goff
MGM Studios
Culver City, Calif.

Rush for Blood

Re "A Sudden Rush for Blood" [Nov. 22]. Whom are we *really* trying to protect? Surely not Gary Mark Gilmore. I understand the right of appeal to be just that—a right, a privilege—not a demand to be forced on a compliant convicted person.

Ronald D. French
Seabrook, Texas

Why offer five men \$175 apiece to execute Gilmore when, ironically, the same trigger-happy society that breeds Gilmore is also capable of readily providing several zealots who would be delighted to do the job gratis?

Christine Newell
Saratoga Springs, N.Y.

I must take issue with the Utah prison psychiatrist who examined Gary Gilmore. Since when is a person who mur-

ders without cause "intelligent, very rational and without any indication of mental illness?"

Richard W. Kammerer
Philadelphia

I can think of no more cruel or inhumane punishment for someone than to be denied a dignified death by the waffling of bureaucracy.

Jeff Klein
Redondo Beach, Calif.

"Where Is the Goals?"

The writing wrongs of entering freshmen [Nov. 8] are no worse than the writing wrongs of graduate-school professors. My husband and I are both graduate students. Here is a sample of some of the comments our professors have written on our papers:

- 1) Where is the goals?
- 2) It is also important to find out what is an acceptable solution to a problem, or what problems are considered acceptable by a community.
- 3) The concept of _____ is not fully developed.
- 4) Your right in pointing out needs repairing the latter to assess the capabilities for performing corrections.
- 5) This work is not of high caliber.

Vicki Lucci
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Blatant Hypocrisy

Jimmy Carter said he was proud of his church for finally allowing blacks to worship there [Nov. 22]. If it were 1956, I could understand this; if it were 1966, I could feel a sort of relief. But in 1976 to feel proud that your church finally is going to allow blacks to worship in it is blatant hypocrisy. I wouldn't feel proud; I'd feel ashamed that it took the "Christians" of Plains, Ga., all this time to finally start acting like Christians.

John Godar
Cincinnati

After the apparent shotgun vote to resolve the problems and embarrassments of "Jimmy Carter's" church, I have one question: What are all those bigots (at least 66) doing in a church that is supposedly Christian?

The screening committee should begin its job with the church's current membership.

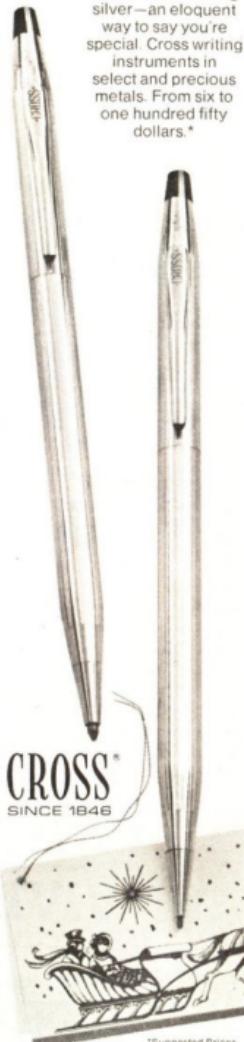
(Mrs.) Elizabeth Koski
Richland, Wash.

A Slap in the Face

Turkey's Premier Suleyman Demirel's "Message to America" [Nov. 22] is a slap in the face. As an American, I don't want his "warmest wishes." I want him to stop the rape of Cyprus, where my family lives in despair, my schoolmates number among the dead and missing. I want his 40,000 Turkish soldiers to leave, and the 200,000 refugees

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FORUM

to be allowed to return to their homes. This would be a Bicentennial message we would gladly accept.

*Constantinos Pavlidis, M.D.
Kirkwood, N.J.*

As a foreigner in your country, I wish to say that Bicentennial messages to America from "antidemocratic authoritarians" are definitely in order.

The U.S. is a country where, as Turkey's Premier Demirel says, the "lack of knowledge of actual conditions in other parts of the world" is embarrassingly apparent to any visitor.

By refusing to examine other viewpoints and learn what led to them, one decreases the chance of ending these repressive regimes. One might even find oneself on the wrong side or, worse, fighting something that does not exist, except in a narrow, preconceived view of the world.

*Daniel A. Barreto
Appleton, Wis.*

Man of the Year

I nominate George Washington as Man of the Year for our Bicentennial year 1976.

*John Hunter Orr
Altoona, Pa.*

Besides President-elect Jimmy Carter, China's Chairman Hua Kuo-feng ought to be considered for Man of the Year. He too was a southern provincial governor, and together they rule, respectively, the world's most powerful and populous nations. Surely nobody else rivals chopsticks and grits in '76.

*Kenneth Reese
Berlin*

I cannot think of any other person more deserving than India's Prime Minister Indira Gandhi to be Person of the Year. In the face of constant threats and criticisms from vested interest groups, the press and politicians in India and the Western world, she has shown rare fortitude and guts.

*Sushil Mukherjee
Lexon, Mass.*

I swallow hard and cast a Person-of-the-Year vote for René Lévesque. As Premier of Quebec heading a transition government leading to eventual separation, he serves Canada with a test that it must pass for its very survival.

*Larry Green
Vancouver, B.C.*

I guess Jimmy Carter has to be Man of the Year. But Arthur Burns, the principal architect of the Federal Reserve's monetary policy, rates a close second.

*Philip Coleman
Swarthmore, Pa.*

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TIME, DECEMBER 13, 1976

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Because More is burnished brown. To make its longer, leaner design look as good as it tastes.

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So More doesn't end with just good looks. There's lots of good taste as well. It's like any really good cigarette.

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A mellow reward.
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Getting more Gas can't wait any longer.



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If America wants to keep her workers working, she has to get more gas. Natural gas supplies far more energy to our plants and factories than coal, oil or electricity.

**There's no alternative
to natural gas.**

No other energy is available in large enough quantities to do all the jobs gas does. Gas is our single largest domestic energy source. If it stopped coming,

America would have a huge energy gap—and no way to fill it.

**The gas is there. America
must act to get it.**

Although our country has a critical gas shortage right now, there are enough potential natural gas resources to last us well into the twenty-first century, if they can be developed. The gas industry is ready to invest additional billions to develop them. But many of these

projects wait on the tough energy decisions America must make.

These include leasing of offshore drilling sites, the development of Arctic gas supplies, new projects in coal gasification.

Action is urgently needed on all these fronts so we can keep America supplied with gas.

**Use gas wisely. It's clean
energy for today
and tomorrow.**

AGA American Gas Association





THE CARTERS & WALTER MONDALE WITH BERT LANCE, HIS WIFE LABELLE, CYRUS VANCE (RIGHT) & HIS WIFE GRACE IN PLAINS, GA.

THE TRANSITION

Vance and Lance: The Selection Begins

Just 31 days after his election, Jimmy Carter made his first Cabinet-level appointments and thereby offered the first solid clues as to the future shape of his Administration. As Secretary of State, he selected Cyrus Vance, 59, an urbane, methodical, Yale-educated Manhattan lawyer who had been Deputy Defense Secretary in the Johnson Administration and a familiar figure in and around U.S. foreign policy for more than a decade. At the same time, Carter also announced that a close personal friend, Thomas Bertram Lance, 45, a bulky (6 ft. 4 in., 235 lbs.), blunt-speaking banker and college dropout from the mountains of north Georgia, would direct his Office of Management and Budget (TIME, Dec. 6). For all their sharp differences in background and style, Vance and Lance (reporters who had impatiently awaited the announcement cracked that the pair sounded like a vaudeville team) seemed to fit the emerging Administration's needs. They symbolized experience, directness, a concern for efficiency, but—so far at least—nothing to undermine confidence or shock conservatives.

To a world worried about the relatively unknown Carter's intentions, Vance's appearance in Plains was reassuring. "Cy Vance is well known and widely respected here," observed a British diplomat in London. "He is an able and tough negotiator and is well plugged into our own foreign policy establish-

ment." France's Foreign Minister Louis de Guiringaud applauded Carter's nomination of "a man of finesse and tact and intelligence."

In the U.S., former Secretary of State Dean Rusk called Vance "a superb appointment," praising his "direct and exceptional experience, sound and solid judgment," as well as his administrative ability. Former Under Secretary of State George Ball said Vance was "a very natural choice because he is so well equipped; he is also a fellow without enemies." Even Henry Kissinger was known to approve of him. Lunching with TIME editors not long ago, Kissinger was asked whom he preferred to be his successor. He needed to think only a few seconds before saying, "Cy Vance. He has the experience, the intelligence and the ability."

Front Runner. Vance was the front runner for State from the start, mainly because so many of the people to whom the President-elect and his transition planners turned for suggestions almost automatically mentioned Vance first and with high praise. Said one Carter aide: "Vance received universally favorable comments across the whole spectrum of ideologies—including hawks and liberal, dovish types."

Partly Vance has had so few critics because he has never allowed himself to become cemented in fixed positions on issues. Carter first met Vance when he was Governor of Georgia and Vance

was involved in promoting the United Negro College Fund. Over the years, Carter consulted with Vance on various matters, and the two developed a liking for each other. In 1973 they both became members of the Trilateral Commission, an organization sponsored by David Rockefeller that seeks to promote ties among the countries of Western Europe, North America and Japan.

Early this year, as Carter's primary campaign picked up momentum, the Georgian asked Vance to help prepare his foreign policy positions. He agreed. When Carter won the nomination and the election, Vance felt fairly certain he would wind up in the Administration.

George Ball, although often touted as a candidate for the State job, was probably never under serious consideration; his outspokenness did not seem to fit in with the measured Carter style. But Paul Nitze, an assistant Secretary of Defense under Johnson and an early dove on Viet Nam, was in contention for a while. So was Paul Nitze, another Pentagon intellectual and an arms-limitation negotiator; but Nitze was soon ruled out as too hawkish. James Schlesinger, the Defense Secretary dismissed by Ford in a policy dispute, remained a possibility, but his abrasive brilliance seemed less suited to diplomacy than to running herd on the Pentagon or U.S. intelligence organizations—jobs for which he is still being considered.

One tip-off that Vance felt he might

have the State post clinched came a week ago Sunday, when he had a friend make some soundings about the personnel situation at the department. Then on Tuesday Vance flew unannounced to Plains, joined a meeting of economic experts, and conferred with the President-elect for 5½ hours as he stayed overnight at Carter's house. The job was finally offered at that interview session.

No. 2 Man. Foreign affairs experts in the U.S. and abroad generally regard Vance as an ideal No. 2 man—a smooth and skillful executor as opposed to formulator of policy. This obviously is what Carter, who intends to be in complete charge of U.S. conduct of foreign affairs, wants in a Secretary of State.

Under Carter and Vance, the basics of U.S. foreign policy will not change much from the ones that Gerald Ford and Henry Kissinger leave behind. But there will be a substantial difference of style (see box). At the press conference in Plains at which Carter's appointments were announced, Vance put himself in line with one of Carter's campaign pledges by promising to be guided by "a deep concern for human rights" in his conduct of foreign policy. But he pointed out that "one has to deal also with the practicalities of the situation"—a reassuring note to many U.S. allies who feared that the Carter Administration might be too concerned with morality in a world where raw power is still the main arbiter in international affairs.

Vance shares Carter's belief that the U.S. must collaborate more closely with its European allies and Japan. He favors maintaining strong conventional forces in Europe. In the Middle East, Vance will probably push for an overall

settlement between Israel and the Arab countries, perhaps at a new Geneva Conference, rather than try to revive Kissinger's step-by-step approach. While the Carter Administration will remain committed to détente with Moscow, Eugene Rostow, Under Secretary of State in the Johnson Administration, predicted that Vance "will be polite and firm [with the Soviets]. He will not be desperate for an agreement at any price."

The Russians, for their part, seemed eager to start off on agreeable terms with the Carter Administration. Early in the week, at a Kremlin dinner for 150 U.S. business and Government leaders attending a trade meeting in Moscow, Soviet Premier Leonid Brezhnev talked over their heads toward Plains in urging a speedup in the arms limitation negotiations. At least partly, Brezhnev's remark seemed to reflect Soviet sensitivity over speculation in the West that the Kremlin would aggressively move to test the toughness of the new Administration (TIME, Nov. 29).

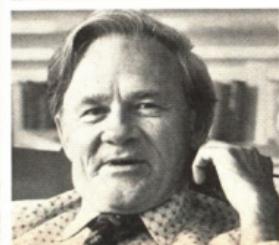
Treasury Secretary William Simon, one of the guests at the Moscow dinner, carried home a direct message to Carter from Brezhnev, who sought to assure the President-elect that he had no intention of "testing" or embarrassing him after he moved into the White House in January. While welcome, the Brezhnev message did not signal any shift in negotiating specifics.

Where Carter does face immediate testing is in the area of domestic economic policy. As unemployment

BENDIX CORP.'S MICHAEL BLUMENTHAL



ECONOMIST CHARLES SCHULTE



ECONOMIC EXPERTS IN PLAINS: ROBERT ROOSA, JOSEPH PECHMAN, WALTER HELLER

climbed to 8.1%—the highest level since December 1975—and concern about the pause in the recovery persisted, Carter declared that "in all likelihood" he will seek some means of stimulating the economy shortly after he assumes office.

Conciliatory Step. Meanwhile, Carter made a halfhearted and probably ill-advised attempt to persuade the steel industry to cut back its announced price increases (see ECONOMY & BUSINESS). Taking a conciliatory step back from his campaign talk, Carter later reiterated that he would not seek authority to invoke wage and price controls ("I believe in the free-market system") but might try to establish voluntary guidelines in close consultation with industry and labor.

Lingering uncertainty about the new Administration's attitudes toward business and economic policy added to pressures on Carter to move swiftly in lining up his full economic team. In a letter to the New York Times last week, Gabriel Hauge, chairman of Manufacturers Hanover Trust Co., urged Carter to appoint officials quickly that had the confidence of businessmen, who have been wary about pursuing expansion plans. If Carter did so, Hauge argued, he might touch off a burst of spending that "could be worth \$10 billion to \$20 billion" in terms of economic growth by the time any policy action Carter might take after assuming office could have an impact.

Carter, in fact, might name his Treasury Secretary as early as this week. The leading contenders apparently included Economist Charles Schultze, a former Budget director under Johnson; Andrew Brimmer, perhaps the nation's most prominent black economist and a for-

ALSO IN PLAINS: JOHN DUNLOP (REAR), LAWRENCE KLEIN AND ANDREW BRIMMER



SAHM DOMESTIC



CY VANCE AS ARMY SECRETARY (1963)

mer member of the Federal Reserve Board; and Michael Blumenthal, chairman of the Bendix Corp. and a former deputy assistant Secretary of State. Another possible choice was Irving Shapiro, head of Du Pont.

Those four were among a group of 16 business and economic experts Carter summoned to Plains last week for a four-hour brainstorming session. The Commerce Secretary and the chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, as well as several lesser economic officials, may also come from this select 16—who had the potentially unnerving experience of offering their views in one another's presence even as Carter studied them to help determine his final choices.

Special Report. As a few of the experts left the meeting early, Press Secretary Jody Powell joked, "It's an elimination process up there. Every 15 minutes they take a vote, and everybody who gets less than three votes leaves." Some thought they detected a special rapport between Carter and Schultz. Most of those present had frequently been mentioned for top economic jobs in the Carter Administration, although there were a few surprises, notably Duke University Vice President Juanita M. Kreps and Laurence Lynn, professor of public policy at Harvard.

Carter has said he "hoped" to have all his Cabinet announcements made by Christmas. Compared with past incoming Administrations, the pace of the Carter transition has been somewhat sedate.* But Carter aides argue that the quality of the choices will be far more important than the speed with which they are selected.

*In 1952, Dwight Eisenhower filled his first Cabinet job (State, Defense and Interior) Nov. 20 and completed the nominating process on Dec. 1. In 1960, John Kennedy made his first Cabinet announcement (Health, Education and Welfare) on Dec. 1 and his last on Dec. 17. In 1968, Richard Nixon withheld his choices until he could present his entire Cabinet on television on Dec. 11.



CONFERRING WITH SECRETARY OF STATE DEAN RUSK, PRESIDENT LYNDON JOHNSON & DEFENSE

'The Perfect Consensus Man'

In choosing a successor to Secretary of State Henry Kissinger, President-elect Jimmy Carter could hardly have selected anyone with a more contrasting style. Cyrus Roberts Vance is a low-key, prudent team player who made his reputation as a skilled troubleshooter for Lyndon Johnson. He is so uncomfortable with personal publicity that photographs often show him wearing a slightly rueful half-smile.

A lifelong Democrat, Vance is a product of the Eastern Establishment that regards foreign policy as its special purview. Son of an insurance executive (who was also a Democrat and who died when young Vance was five), he spent much of his boyhood in Clarksburg, W. Va., where he became friendly with John W. Davis, the unsuccessful Dem-

ocratic nominee for the presidency in 1924. "I used to browse in Mr. Davis' law library," Vance once recalled. "I remembered the smell of bound leather and those wonderfully big shelves of law books." Vance was sent to the Kent School in Connecticut. He earned his undergraduate and law degrees from Yale (one fellow law school student: Gerald Ford). His career has been true blue ever since.

Stormy Campaign. After serving as a gunnery officer in the Navy during World War II, Vance joined the prestigious New York City law firm of Simpson, Thatcher and Bartlett. His professional life changed course in 1957 when he became special counsel to the Senate Preparedness Investigating Subcommittee. Vance caught the appraising eye

Vance Views His Priorities

Flying back to New York from Plains, Ga., last week, Cyrus Vance talked with TIME Diplomatic Editor Jerry Schechter about his upcoming job as Jimmy Carter's Secretary of State and about the state of the world. Schechter's report:

Cy Vance does not intend to travel widely during his first six months in office. Instead, he will concentrate on organizing his staff and working with Jimmy Carter to develop the new Administration's foreign policy. Even after this initial period is over, Vance said, he does not envision a major personal role for himself as an international negotiator. But, he added, along with Carter, "I clearly intend to be involved in the determination of what the U.S. negotiating strategy will be." Thus, while Vance will not completely abandon Kissinger's balance-of-power approach to foreign affairs, he will shun Kissinger's highly personalized style of diplomacy. Vance intends to allow U.S. negotiators to go as far as they can on their own, then have them bring the problems to him and Carter for resolution. Said he: "If it becomes necessary, I will be in-

volved. But the primary responsibility will be with the negotiator. He or she will have the responsibility for completing the negotiations."

The Carter Administration will give its top attention to the issues that directly affect U.S. security. Vance believes that it is imperative to get the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks with the Soviet Union moving again, particularly since the interim SALT pact is due to expire in October. Said he: "It is critical that the SALT talks be given very high priority and be attacked immediately after the Carter Administration comes into office." The talks, he said, should be "approached in a measured way" to resolve the problem of including Soviet Backfire bombers and U.S. Cruise missiles in an agreement. Even while a SALT II agreement is being negotiated, Vance feels, "we should be thinking about SALT III." It presumably would carry out Carter's campaign pledge to work for a reduction in the two countries' nuclear arsenals—something that neither SALT I nor the anticipated SALT II agreement would accomplish.

On the Middle East, Vance wants



SECRETARY ROBERT McNAMARA (1968)



TALKING IN PEKING WITH FORMER CHINESE PREMIER TENG HSIAO-PING (1975)

of the chairman—L.B.J. In 1961 John F. Kennedy made him general counsel of the Department of Defense. There Secretary Robert S. McNamara soon put his talents to work in his stormy campaign to bring more efficiency to the Pentagon.

Vance was soon promoted to Secretary of the Army and in 1964 to Deputy Defense Secretary, the No. 2 job in the military—a post he had to leave in 1967 because of an excruciatingly painful slipped disc in his spine. To get better support for his back, Vance used to ride in the front seat of command cars, with the result that the aides riding in the rear got all his salutes.

While still Deputy Secretary, Vance was dispatched to dampen the 1964 anti-American crisis in the Canal Zone, thus beginning his remarkable set of peace-making missions for Johnson. In 1965 Vance's skills as a negotiator helped set-

tle a civil war in Santo Domingo, and in 1967 he lent a calming hand to the Army's occupation of Detroit, where violent race riots had killed 43 people.

In November 1967 Vance achieved his greatest success—helping avert a war between Greece and Turkey over the disputed island of Cyprus. In 1968 he plunged into an equally arduous but less rewarding mission: serving as Ambassador Averell Harriman's deputy during the lengthy and unsuccessful Paris negotiations to settle the Viet Nam War. Although Vance had been an early supporter of the war, he gradually began urging that the U.S. agree to an eventual withdrawal of its troops as one condition of a cease-fire. Later he criticized Richard Nixon for taking too hard a line with the North Vietnamese. In 1972 he condemned the renewed bombing of North Viet Nam.

With Republicans in office, Vance

to review Henry Kissinger's negotiating record and "get caught up on the state of play" before indicating any course of action. Whatever it turns out to be, he said, "I have a feeling there is a window of time that is opening up in which it is possible to make real progress. We ought to be prepared to assist with in that time and help bring about meaningful negotiations." In addition, he said, the Carter Administration will give immediate attention to negotiating a new canal treaty with Panama. (Carter has said he would be willing to "share more fully the responsibilities" for the canal with Panama but would "never give up complete control or practical control of the Panama Canal Zone.") Vance also hopes to move ahead on normalization of relations with Communist China.

Central Concern. Beyond these top-priority policy matters, the new Administration will address a wide range of economically related issues: arms sales, nuclear proliferation, energy, food, population control and the economic development of Africa, Asia and Latin America. According to Vance, these "clusters of issues" must become "a central concern of foreign-policy discussions in the U.S. and throughout the world."

Vance foresees a coordinated approach by the U.S. that would include the National Security Council and the State, Defense, Treasury and Agriculture departments. Said he: "There cannot and will not be the backbiting and jockeying for position that have occurred from time to time. President-elect Carter feels strongly about this, and so do I." Subject to Carter's approval, Vance favors having the Secretary of the Treasury sit in on National Security Council meetings.

He will also try to rebuild the good relations with Congress that he had as Secretary of the Army and Deputy Secretary of Defense in the Johnson Administration. Said he: "Congress has to be a partner in foreign policy." After holding his first transition meeting with Kissinger this week, Vance will call on congressional leaders in Washington.

Above all, Vance is anxious that U.S. policy reflect his deep concern for human rights around the world. These principles, he said, "should permeate our foreign-policy thinking." He is not unaware of the practical necessities of dealing with dictatorships or of guarding U.S. security. But he argues that the task ahead for the U.S. is to strike a proper balance. Said he: "We have got to be hardheaded, yet sensitive."



WITH ARCHBISHOP MAKARIOS IN CYPRUS (1967)
Skilled troubleshooter.

returned to his law firm (he is a partner with an estimated income of more than \$100,000). But he still traveled widely (including a 1975 visit to China) and managed to direct or contribute to an impressive array of domestic and foreign policy task forces. Before he joined Carter, Vance was an adviser to the ill-fated presidential campaigns of Senator Edmund Muskie in 1970 and Sargent Shriver—an old friend—in 1976.

Vance is married to Grace Elsie ("Gay") Sloane, the great-granddaughter of the founder of W & J Sloane Inc., a leading Manhattan home-furnishings store. She heads the New York Urban League. In recent years Vance's back has improved. He can now strap on a brace and play tennis with friends or his five children, evoking images of his athletic feats at Yale, where he played varsity hockey. Coming up the ice, the lanky Vance was such a tangle of arms and legs that he earned a nickname that is still used by his intimates—Spider.

Untroubled Experts. The announcement that Vance was going to State was greeted with delight by senior officials in the department. A few of the younger men would have preferred a more independent thinker, but most foreign policy experts were untroubled. Said one: "He's the perfect consensus man."



ROSALYNN TOASTS MRS. LÓPEZ PORTILLO; TALKS WITH LÓPEZ PORTILLO & KISSINGER



Rosalynn on the Road

Asked by an American if he wanted to meet Secretary of State Henry Kissinger, one Mexican official said, "No, but Mrs. Carter, yes."

Suave and witty as ever, Kissinger had just gracefully proposed a toast to "the health and success of President-elect José López Portillo." The guests at the elegant reception given by the Secretary and his wife Nancy in Mexico City last week raised their glasses, then waited expectantly to see how the trim, attractive woman in the turquoise evening gown would handle herself. Taking the microphone, Rosalynn Carter began to speak—and the assembly and the evening were hers.

"I do not speak much Spanish," she conceded, in Spanish. "But when my husband is President next year, I am going to study more, and then return and visit you again. Thank you very much." Although Rosalynn and Jimmy have visited Mexico many times, her Spanish was rusty (as is Jimmy's), and she practiced her phrases with the maids in the U.S. embassy.

On Stride. López Portillo's inauguration was the next First Lady's first venture on the international diplomatic circuit. Although she was not part of the official U.S. delegation, which was headed by Kissinger and included Jack Ford, Rosalynn was carefully singled out for attention by the new Mexican President and his wife Carmen.

In Mexico City, Rosalynn displayed the even temperament and stamina she had shown on the campaign trail. Nothing seemed to throw her off stride, not even the 7,349-ft. altitude of Mexico City, which does in many tourists, nor

a rash of antigovernment bombings that erupted just before her arrival. During López Portillo's inaugural speech in the National Auditorium, Rosalynn applauded as the new President appealed for unity and austerity to solve Mexico's deepening economic problems.

Earlier, visiting the National Museum of Anthropology, Mrs. Carter showed knowledge of pre-Hispanic culture—and a ready sense of humor. Pointing to an Indian mural that included a figure with circles issuing from its mouth, Museum Director Dr. Ignacio Bernal jokingly explained, "We call him the politician—the circles represent speech." "Oh," said Rosalynn. "You know, when Jimmy is talking too long, I often look for a signal to give him to stop. Maybe this is what I'm looking for."

Summed up one highly placed Mexican official: "It's actually refreshing for us to have someone of this stature who looks you in the eye and is really interested in what you say, not just going through the usual bland formulas we've created over the years in this business."

Rosalynn Carter may well turn out to be an active presidential wife in the mold of Eleanor Roosevelt, her heroine. "There are so many things that need to be done," she says. "It excites me to think that I could help." She is working with the National Association for Mental Health, and she wants to improve programs for the elderly. She has also promised to "do what I can" to help pass the long-stalled Equal Rights Amendment. She very likely will sit in occasionally on Cabinet meetings and expects to hold issue-oriented press conferences on her own.

Seoul's School For Scandal

Espionage 301. Honors seminar for students of superior ability and interest in the theory and practice of buying the favor of U.S. Congressmen and other high officials. Lecture and laboratory.

This entry never appeared in any college catalogue. But for several years, Kim Sang Keun, 44, the South Korean CIA's second-ranking officer in Washington, has been directing such a seminar regularly in his embassy's third-floor library. For field work, he sent his students—all South Korean diplomats and intelligence agents—out to win support for the Park Chung Hee regime in Seoul by compromising American politicians and officials with money and sex.

The meticulous Kim kept careful records of the more than \$500,000, usually in the form of \$100 bills stuffed into a white envelope, that the Park regime slipped to Americans it hoped to influence. He recruited attractive Korean women, sometimes with the threat of deportation if they did not cooperate, to trap Representatives and Senators by sleeping with them. He also acted as his government's watchdog over more public South Korean lobbyists.

Kim last week poured out details of his undercover adventures to FBI agents at a secret location near Washington. To the astonishment of U.S. officials, Kim had defected rather than obey Seoul's order to return home and thus limit further exposure of the Koreagate scandal (TIME, Nov. 29). Fearing possible imprisonment and torture, perhaps even death, Kim sought asylum in exchange for supplying information and documents that the Justice Department had been seeking for more than a



SOUTH KOREAN SPOOK KIM SANG KEUN
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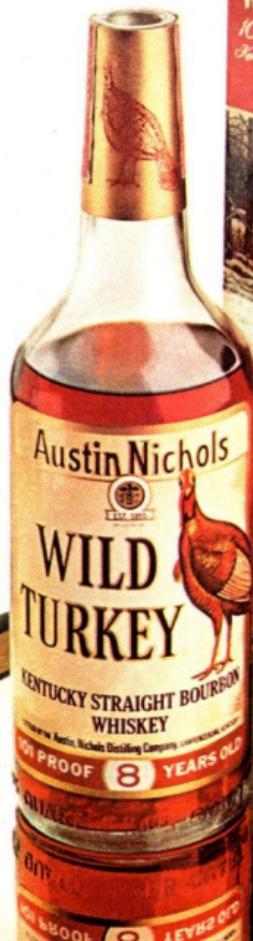


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13 mg. "tar," 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. '76

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THE NATION

year. In addition, TIME learned, he may have turned over the codes used by Korean diplomats and KCIA agents.

Describing Kim as "a dynamite witness," a U.S. official told TIME: "He knows all about the movement of money to Congressmen. He handled some of the cash himself. There's a myriad of potential law violations in what he's talking about." Because of the sensitivity of Kim's information, Attorney General Edward Levi ordered the FBI to withhold information about his disclosures. Said a high Justice Department official: "It's a real sticky mess."

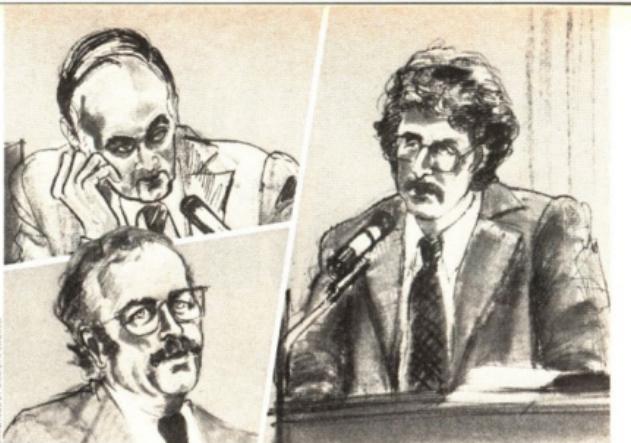
Until Kim's defection, the FBI probe of the scandal was virtually stalled. Businessman Tongsun Park, who entertained lavishly in Washington and doled out KCIA bribe money to a score of Congressmen, had fled the country to avoid being called before a federal grand jury. Comely Suzy Thomson, who regularly gave intimate parties at which Kim and other KCIA agents cemented relationships with influential Americans, had been a balky witness.

Safe House. Other possible witnesses are becoming hard to reach. Kim Sang Keun's erstwhile boss, Major General Kim Yung Hwan, the KCIA chief in the U.S., was reported being held under virtual house arrest in the Korean embassy in Washington. In Seoul, meanwhile, President Park fired KCIA Boss Shin Jik Soo in an apparent attempt to improve relations with Washington.

Kim's defection was arranged with the help of Julie Moon, 46, operator of the Washington-based U.S.-Asian News Service, which supplies news to publications in the U.S. and Japan. She gained asylum in the U.S. in 1973 after Seoul, irked by her criticism of the Park Chung Hee government, ordered her home. After learning last month that Kim faced punishment in South Korea, she asked Justice Department officials to grant him asylum. He phoned the FBI on Thanksgiving Day and was promptly whisked to a "safe house" outside the capital, while agents guarded his wife and three children at their home in suburban McLean, Va.

Short and taciturn, Kim was previously known for his unwavering loyalty to the Park regime. While an honor student at Seoul National University in 1960, he led a bloody student uprising that helped bring about the downfall of Dictator Syngman Rhee. A year later he was recruited by the KCIA. Assigned to Washington in 1970, he quickly became the South Korean embassy's expert-in-residence on how to hook a Congressman.

As word of Kim's defection leaked out, five leaders of the House called—for the first time—for a congressional probe of the scandal. Also, in a letter to President Ford, ranking members of the slow-moving House ethics committee asked that the Justice Department share its information with them.



COURTROOM SCENES: MEL LYNCH (TOP LEFT), DOMINIC BYRNE (TOP RIGHT), SAMUEL BRONFMAN

TRIALS

Time for Judgment: Lynch or Sam?

It was a trial that had everything—indeed, too much of everything. There was a lanky young heir to a multimillion-dollar fortune as the central figure in a murky kidnap plot, a desperate defendant charging that the whole caper had been an elaborate fake, and there were allegations about a homosexual liaison carried out in locales ranging from the pool-house of a secluded suburban estate to gay bars in Manhattan.

But as the trial probing the kidnaping of Seagram Liquor Heir Samuel Bronfman II neared an end last week, the case remained almost as mysterious as it was sensational. Since the trial began in October in White Plains, N.Y., the Bronfman jury has had to weigh two conflicting stories about the kidnaping. Sam Bronfman, 23, testified that two men snatched him and later threatened to kill him unless his rich father, Seagram Chairman Edgar Bronfman, paid a \$2.3 million ransom.

More Bizarre. But the principal defendant, Mel Patrick Lynch, 38, a New York City fireman, told another, much more bizarre story. Lynch insisted that some time before the supposed abduction he met young Sam in a bar and began a homosexual relationship with him; eventually, says Lynch, Bronfman blackmailed him into joining in a fake kidnap scheme aimed at extorting money from his father. The second defendant, Dominic Byrne, 54, a limousine-service operator, claimed that Lynch "duped" him into assisting in Bronfman's disappearance.

Who was telling the truth? Bronfman's story had the virtue of being straightforward: the Seagram heir testified that a man he did not know grabbed him on a humid August night last year as he was parking his car at

his mother's estate in Purchase, N.Y. Later, his captors sent his father first a ransom letter then tape recordings made by Bronfman relaying impassioned pleas for payment. Eventually, the elder Bronfman took two plastic bags containing \$2.3 million in cash to a deserted street in New York City's borough of Queens. A day later, police found Sam in a Brooklyn apartment, bound and gagged and guarded by Lynch.

Do It Again. But the defense raised troubling questions about Bronfman's story. Lynch's lawyer suggested that Sam Bronfman had a motive to plan the hoax: a desire for more money (though he received an annual trust income of \$32,000). The lawyer also played one of Bronfman's tapes. He seemed to hint that Bronfman was not really a kidnap victim but just acting the part, because Sam's voice trails off in a final plea to his father—"O.K., Dad, that's it"—only to reappear a moment later saying briskly, "Do it again." Finally, the prosecution's own witnesses, two FBI agents who questioned Byrne after they had found Bronfman, could not agree on what questions they had asked or what Byrne had answered.

The defense had its own problems, including some never-resolved inconsistencies. Neither Lynch nor Byrne fully explained why after their arrest they initially told the FBI that two men accosted them at a Manhattan hotel and forced them to nab Bronfman. Nor did they ever explain why they next gave written confessions to the FBI saying that they spent months scouting the Bronfman estate to plan the grab—without ever mentioning any involvement on Sam Bronfman's part. It would be up to the jury to decide, if indeed it could, whose story to believe, Sam's or the two defendants'.

The Secret Life of HOWARD HUGHES

He was the world's ultimate enigma—a man so secretive, so hidden from view that no outsider could say with certainty even whether he was alive, much less how he looked or behaved. He was one of the world's richest, most imperious, capricious, outrageous, eccentric and powerful men. From his hideaways atop a series of luxury hotels on three continents he spun a web that ensnared an entire state, reached into the highest levels of the U.S. Government and became entwined with the tentacles of the Central Intelligence Agency. Yet for all his power, he lived a sunless, joyless, half-lunatic life in those same hideaways, a virtual prisoner walled in by his own crippling fears and weaknesses. Once a dashing, vibrant figure, he neglected his appearance and health during his last 15 years until he became a pathetic writhing

Now, eight months after his death aboard an air ambulance en route to a Houston hospital, the layers of secrecy are being peeled away. The real Howard Hughes is finally coming to life.

The peeling-away process has already started as two former key Hughes aides have been questioned in pretrial investigations into the secret life and death of the hermit billionaire. Their evidence will be used in the first major trial, scheduled to begin Jan. 10 in a Nevada state court. The trial concerns the so-called Mormon will, a handwritten document that some claim is

Hughes' last testament. More layers will fall away as Texas officials press an investigation into the legal domicile of the wandering billionaire in hopes of collecting as much as \$300 million in inheritance taxes.

Another major layer is being peeled away in this issue of TIME, in the excerpts from a forthcoming book that contains many startling, fresh glimpses into Hughes' life. Titled *Howard Hughes: The Hidden Years*, it will be published next month by Random House, and was written by James Phelan, 67, a crusty investigative reporter who has been covering the elusive billionaire for more than 20 years. Phelan managed to interview the only close associates from Hughes' latter years who so far have been willing to talk. Excerpts from their often chilling testimony follow.

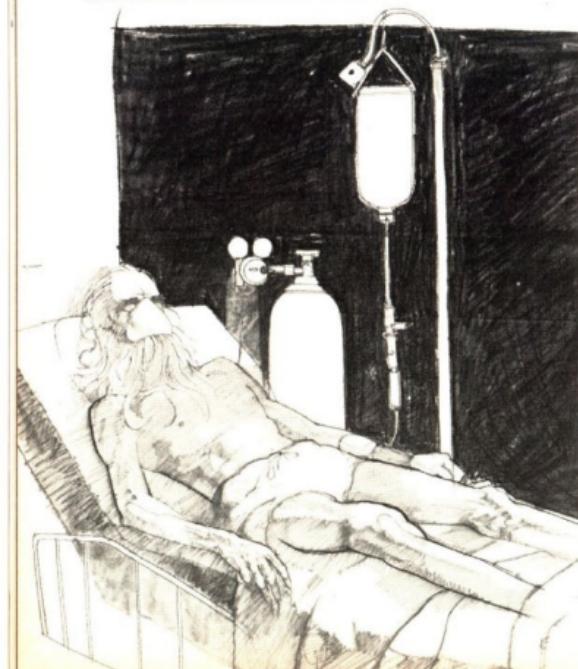
A number of Hughes associates, notably Noah Dietrich and sometime Aide Ron Kistler, have written about their experiences. But they date from long before Hughes went into total isolation. Only Phelan's two sources shared Hughes' hidden years—and broke the silence still maintained by the rest of the penthouse staffers. One is Melvin Stewart, 49, an open-faced Mormon and former barber who was the nurse who tended Hughes' bedsores and took care of him. Beneath the easygoing manner of a small-town Utah boy, Stewart is keen and tough-minded. The other is Gordon Margulis, 45, a muscular, street-smart cockney who spent his early years in London's tough East End. In 1965 Margulis set out to visit his sister in New York City, then rambled throughout much of the country, ending up in Las Vegas. In need of work, he took a job as busboy at the Desert Inn, thinking that a busboy drove the golf carts around the links. Instead, he soon found himself delivering food to the Hughes penthouse, where the aides presumably were impressed by his discretion and savvy.

Margulis' main job was to prepare Hughes' food. But he also acted as his bodyguard and during the last three years, when Hughes was no longer able to walk, lifted him whenever he needed to be moved. It was Margulis who placed the emaciated Howard Hughes aboard the jet ambulance for his last flight—a scene re-created on TIME's cover by Artist Jim Sharpe.

Neither Stewart nor Margulis was a member of the ultrasecret inner circle of so-called executive assistants. These six men, five of them Mormons, kept a 24-hour-a-day watch over Hughes and screened all his communications. According to Stewart and Margulis, the executive aides acted in effect as his keepers, at salaries ranging as high as \$110,000 a year. By contrast, Stewart and Margulis performed menial jobs at relatively low salaries—about \$25,000 a year. (They will collect one-third each of the profits from the Phelan book.) They were on the perimeter of the inner circle, but, especially in Stewart's case, they had constant access to the boss; they saw and heard a great deal.

Hughes emerges from *The Hidden Years* as a tortured, troubled man who wallowed in self-neglect, lapsed into periods of near-lunacy, lived without comfort or joy in prison-like conditions and ultimately died for lack of a medical device that his own foundation had helped to develop. Among the main points:

► Hughes was hooked on drugs. After he moved into the penthouse atop Las Vegas' Desert Inn in 1966,



DYING IN ACAPULCO

he was consuming vast amounts of Empirin and later Valium. While beneficial for headaches and nervousness when taken in small amounts, overdosage causes doziness and mental lapses. Later Hughes began openly injecting himself—often in the groin—with hypodermics filled with a clear fluid. Stewart and Margulis do not know what the syringes contained, but they observed the effects: Hughes would become drowsy and incoherent. His drugs, "my medication," were kept in a metal box that was always taken with him. Whenever he was flying from one hideaway to another, Hughes would clasp a Kleenex box containing his syringe and would take several shots in a five- or six-hour period.

► Hughes' physical appearance was horrifying. His straggly beard hung to his waist; his hair reached mid-back. His fingernails were two inches long, and his toenails grew and grew until they resembled yellow corkscrews. When he was still able, he walked with a pronounced stoop. Often he went naked. Sometimes he wore a pair of drawstring white underpants (he had an aversion to buttons, metal snaps and zippers). On the three occasions during the hidden years when he met outsiders, he underwent an elaborate barbering, cleanup and clipping of his finger- and toenails.

► Although four doctors rotated in taking care of Hughes, his medical condition was appalling. His former 6-ft. 4-in. frame had shrunk three inches, and his weight fluctuated between a high of 130 lbs. and a cadaverous 90 lbs. He suffered variously from anemia, arthritis and assorted other ills. Nothing plagued him more than constipation; at one time, he sat on the toilet for 72 straight hours, occasionally propping himself on a chair set next to him so he could support himself while dozing.

► After he went abroad in 1970, he no longer watched television, so he no longer knew what day it was, or sometimes even the month or season. His main amusement was watching movies. He liked any kind of plane picture except *Waldo Pepper*. He thought *The Blue Max* was great. Hughes bought prints of all the James Bond pictures, but he liked only the ones with Sean Connery. Other favorites were *The Sting*, *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*, *The Clansman* and *The High Commissioner*. His main favorite was *Ice Station Zebra*, the story of a U.S.-Soviet confrontation on the North Pole. He saw it at least 150 times. When his spirits were high, he sang aloud time and time again the lyrics of that jazz hit, *Hey-Baba-Rebob*. He drank only Poland mineral water bottled at the spring in Maine. It had to be in quarts—he refused to drink water from pint bottles. His Flying Dutchman-like wanderings from country to country cost him an estimated \$150 million per year.

THE TWO WHO TALKED: MELVIN STEWART & GORDON MARGULIS



HUGHES IN HIS EARLY 30S & ARTIST'S CONCEPTION OF HIM NEAR 70

► Stewart and Margulis concede that Hughes first created his penthouse prison of his own volition. But they imply that the aides and doctors made no attempts to persuade him to change a way of life in which he was literally wasting to death.

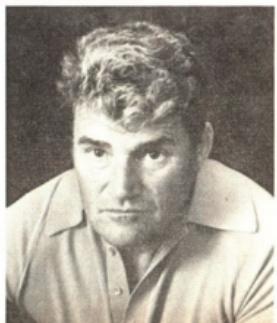
The men who run Hughes' Summa Corp., his aides, and his doctors may issue denials and rebuttals (those whom TIME sought to interview for their version either refused to talk or failed to return phone calls). It is true that they were dealing with a capricious, iron-willed man. They may argue that they were only obeying orders: Hughes wanted to live in utter privacy, away from the bevelments of process servers and litigious lawyers hoping to cash in on his billions. He wanted, they may contend, protection from the prying press, which Hughes loathed with a passion. He also wanted isolation from the bacteria-filled world. Hughes was obsessed by a fear of contamination from other humans. Secretaries who typed memos that were to go to Hughes were ordered to wear white gloves while hunting and pecking. Whenever Hughes was lifted, he would place a Kleenex—"insulation," he called it—on the palm of the right hand with which he gripped the person who carried him.

Much of the uncovering of Hughes' past is going to take place in courts of law. At last count, 14 lawsuits were outstanding against Hughes and his wholly owned firm, the Summa Corp., which was founded in 1972 as an umbrella company for his many enterprises.

By far the most interesting cases focus on the vast estate he left behind, estimated as high as \$2.3 billion. Hughes left no authenticated will—or at least none so far has been found. Although 30 or so purported wills have surfaced, most have been immediately dismissed as fakes or humorous hoaxes.

The Mormon will, however, has been taken seriously. It is so nicknamed because it appeared mysteriously, three weeks after Hughes' death, on the desk of a public relations officer in the Salt Lake City headquarters of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. The scrawled writing on the envelope instructed David O. McKay, president of the Mormons from 1951 to 1970, to deliver it to the clerk of Clark County in Las Vegas—a city whose glitter had attracted Hughes. Handwritten and partly smudged, the document runs for three pages and is filled with misspellings (*children*, for example). Purportedly written in 1968, it divides Hughes' estate into shares ranging from one-sixteenth to one-quarter. Among the beneficiaries: the Mormon Church, Hughes' medical foundation, ex-Wives Ella Rice and Jean Peters, and "my aids [sic] at the time of my death."

All that seems reasonable enough. But another



THE NATION

beneficiary is a Utah service-station operator named Melvin Dummer, who claims that he found a thin, raggedly dressed old man sprawled alongside a remote desert road in southern Nevada one night in 1968 and drove the old fellow back to Las Vegas. Dummer says that when his passenger got out, he claimed that he was Howard Hughes and borrowed 25¢ from him.

Another peculiarity of the Mormon will is that it names as executor Noah Dietrich, Hughes' onetime chief lieutenant. Hughes had a severe falling-out with Dietrich in 1957, and the two men never patched up their relationship. Even so, Beverly Hills Attorney Harold Rhoden, who represents Dietrich on the case, has submitted the will to eight noted handwriting experts who have declared that the handwriting is Hughes'.

The Summa Corp. and Hughes' assorted relatives all contend that the Mormon will is a fake. Summa is run by a triumvirate: Frank William Gay, 55, who is president and chief executive officer; Nadine Henley, 70, one of Hughes' earliest assistants, who is senior vice president; and Chester Davis, 66, an abrasive Wall Street lawyer, who is Summa's legal strategist. Hughes' maternal nephew, William Lummis, 47, joined Summa as chairman to avoid a struggle for the spoils between the company and the relatives.

Meanwhile, with their customary secretiveness, Summa executives and Hughes' former aides and doctors are ducking subpoena servers sent out by Rhoden. Among other things, the lawyer is trying to establish whether Hughes actually could have left the Desert Inn and ended up some 150 miles from Las Vegas, where Dummer says he found him. So far, Rhoden has managed to collar only two executive assistants for depositions. Testifying under oath, the two gave contradictory accounts.

John Holmes, the senior aide, swore that no logs were kept to record Hughes' movements. Ray Crawford, a key aide until 1970, said detailed accounts were kept. Holmes testified that Hughes wore a neat Vandyke. Crawford describes Hughes as having a long, scraggly beard and hair that reached below his shoulders.

Under questioning, Holmes made an admission that may haunt the Summa lawyers once the trial begins. Holmes recalled that Hughes told him that he had written a holographic will, a last testament whose un witnessed authenticity rests on identifying the handwriting of the author.

Whatever the outcome of the legal proceedings, Hughes will be one of the hottest show-biz properties of 1977. People the world over will be seeing and reading more about Howard Hughes next year than at any time since he was setting new air records and squiring numerous beautiful women in the 1940s and '50s. Warner Bros. is planning to make *The Howard Hughes Story*, possibly starring Warren Beatty; Universal has an option on *The Melvin Dummer Story*. NBC, CBS and ABC are producing specials on Hughes. The British Broadcasting Corp. and CTV are teaming up to produce a 90-minute dramatized documentary. Seven books are in the works, including a William Morrow edition titled *His Weird and Wanton Ways: The Secret of Howard Hughes*, by Richard Mathison.

For the Phelan book, Random House plans an exceptionally big first printing of 50,000 copies. To the closest *aficionados* of Hughesiana, large parts of Phelan's book will not be new, and the writing is sometimes flat-footed. But Phelan has unearthed an impressive amount of new material, and the story he tells is suspenseful, sometimes pathetically humorous, and always absorbing.

In his prime, Hughes was the archetypal American hero—the daring aviator and indefatigable tinkerer who spurred science to new horizons. He owned one of the most crucial defense firms in the U.S. (Hughes Aircraft), a flag-carrying airline (TWA) and myriad companies whose prosperity guaranteed the welfare of dozens of communities. Even during the hidden penthouse years, Hughes exercised great influence at the highest levels of Government. As he wasted away in the Desert Inn, the CIA used him for a cover in an operation fraught with serious international repercussions.

The circumstances of his last years and his death require clarification. In his book, Phelan makes no claim to have uncovered the whole truth. But he has made a beginning.

Scenes from the Hidden Years

Herewith excerpts from James Phelan's book.

Mell Stewart, then a suburban Los Angeles barber, was mysteriously summoned to the Beverly Hills Hotel in spring, 1961.

In due course a man edged up to Stewart in the hotel lobby, gave him the password, and said "Follow me." He led him out of the hotel lobby and through the lushly landscaped gardens to a bungalow. At the door he gave a coded knock—one rap, followed by four quicker raps, a pause, and then two more raps. It was a knock Stewart would use hundreds of times in years to come.

Stewart was admitted by a man who introduced himself as John Holmes (see box on aides). Holmes gave Stewart detailed instructions. He was to scrub up, doctor-style, in the bathroom before beginning the hair-cutting. Then he was to put on a pair of surgical gloves. He was to have no foreign objects, such as pencils or pens, on his person. And finally, he was not to speak to the man whose hair he had been summoned to cut.



"You can make signs, but you are not to say a word to him," said Holmes. "And you are not to tell anyone about this entire matter."

Stewart sat and waited for several hours, his imagination speculating wildly on the reasons for all these James Bond-like instructions.

Finally Holmes said, "Okay, Mr. Hughes will see you now," and took him into the bedroom.

What he found stunned him.

"I'm a country boy," Stewart says, "and I expected that a billionaire would surround himself in luxury, with Rembrandt paintings on the walls and exquisite furniture. I found a skinny, bare-assed naked man sitting on an unmade three-quarter bed. His hair hung about a foot down his back. His beard was straggly and down to his chest. I tried not to act surprised, as if I was used to meeting naked billionaires sitting on unmade beds. I started to put my case with the barber tools on a chair. Hughes shouted, 'No, no! Not on the chair!'"

Hughes turned to Holmes and said, "Get some insulation for our friend to put his equipment on." Holmes got a roll of paper towels and laid out a layer on a nearby sideboard. The sideboard was already covered with a sheet, and so was the other furniture in the bedroom.

Holmes spread another sheet on the floor, and then placed a chair in the center of it. Stewart scrubbed up and started to pull on the rubber surgical gloves.

Hughes looked at him quizzically. "What the hell are you going to do with those gloves on?" he asked.

"I began to feel like Alice in Wonderland," Stewart says. "Holmes had ordered me to put on the gloves and not to speak to Hughes under any circumstance. Now Hughes had asked me a question, and I didn't know how to make signs that would explain why I was putting on the rubber gloves."

Stewart summoned his courage and broke the no-talking rule. "I put on the gloves," he said, "because Mr. Holmes told me to put them on."

"You can't cut hair with rubber gloves on!" said Hughes in exasperation. "Take them off."

Barbering Hughes took three hours. There were a series of special procedures, which Hughes outlined in detail. Stewart was to use one set of combs and scissors to cut his beard, but a different set to cut his hair. Before Stewart began, Hughes ordered a series of wide-mouthed jars filled with isopropyl alcohol. When Stewart used a comb, he was to dip it into the alcohol before using it again, to "sterilize" it.

**"You can't cut hair with rubber gloves on!" said Hughes in exasperation.
"Take them off."**

While Stewart was trimming his hair on either side of his head, Hughes carefully folded his ears down tight "so none of that hair will get in me."

Stewart trimmed his beard to a short, neat Vandyke and gave his hair a tapered cut well above the collar line.

A few days later an emissary gave Stewart \$1,000.

When Hughes moved to the Desert Inn in November 1966, he constructed elaborate precautions in his penthouse.

The ninth-floor button was removed from the elevators that served the new high-rise addition. Only those with a key could take the elevators above the eighth floor. Directly facing the elevator door, when one emerged, was an armed guard at a desk.

Beyond the guards' desk, Hughes had a partition installed with a locked door. This served a dual purpose. If anyone managed to manipulate the elevator lock or acquire a copy of the key, they would be isolated in the landing space with the guard. The second purpose of the partition was to preclude Hughes' guards from glimpsing Hughes in the event he left his darkened bedroom. In his four years at the Desert Inn, his own guards, stationed only a few yards away, never saw their employer.

The eighth-floor bedroom immediately below Hughes' room was kept vacant and locked. This was to forestall any "ene-



MARGULIS HEATING CHICKEN SOUP FOR THE BOSS

mies" from eavesdropping with special listening equipment.

The aides occupied the middle room of a three-room suite called Penthouse One. [It was the command post, referred to as The Office in the aides' jargon.] It had a door with a peep-hole grill. Anyone passed through the partition door had to undergo a second inspection before being admitted to The Office.

Whatever his other phobias, Hughes did not suffer from claustrophobia. His bedroom was the smallest on the penthouse floor. It measured only 15 by 17 feet ("infinite riches in a little room"), considerably smaller than the usual "master" bedroom in a low-priced tract house. Even this meager *lebensraum* was further cramped by stacks of newspapers and magazines.

To summon his aides he had a small silver bell, but he rarely used it. Alongside his lounge chair he kept a brown paper bag for his "contaminated" Kleenex insulation. When he wanted an aide, he snapped his finger smartly against the bag. His overlong fingernails produced a drum-like *whap whap* that brought an aide on the double.

His eyesight was bad, but he would not wear glasses. He used a number of magnifying glasses that he called "my peepstones," one of which had a battery-powered light for use when the dim-lit bedroom was too dark. Except for rare occasions, he spurned his collection of hearing devices. "He could understand if you stood face to face and talked loudly," Stewart says. "But often he would say, 'Aw shit, write it out for me.'"

Surrounded by self-created disorder, he wanted certain things just so. He liked his documents neatly and precisely stacked. From behind the closed door of his bedroom, sometimes for an hour or more, would come a muffled *thump, thump, thump*. The first time Margulis heard it, he asked, "What the hell is that?"

"The boss is stacking his papers," the aide on duty said.

Later Margulis watched him many times. "He would take a thick sheaf of papers, whack them down lengthwise to align them, turn them, whack the topside, then the third side, then the bottom. Then he'd do it all over again, over and over."

As Margulis soon learned, Hughes was an incredibly capricious eater.

At the Desert Inn, he went for a marathon stretch subsisting on Campbell's canned chicken soup. [During his Campbell's soup period he maintained Margulis on full-time duty to warm up his

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canned soup to the precise temperature he preferred.] While living week in and week out on a diet that a ten-cent-store clerk would have spurned, he was as finicky as a habitué of Maxim's about its preparation.

"It was not unusual for Hughes to take eight hours to consume the two bowls of soup produced by a single can," Margulis recalls. "He would eat a spoonful and then get interested in watching a movie on his projector—often a movie he had already seen twenty times. The soup would cool down and he would send it back to be reheated. It had to be heated carefully, so that it would be hot enough but not too hot."

He would eat a spoonful and then get interested in a movie. The same soup would be reheated 12 times.

"He would eat another spoonful or so, get involved in the movie again and send the soup back to be reheated. There were times when I reheated the same can of soup ten or twelve times."

When he came off his marathon canned chicken-soup diet, he switched to the hotel's vegetable soup. "Now this is only a trial period," Hughes said, "because I want it just the way I like it, and it has to be right."

Hughes instructed that his soup be prepared separately from that for hotel diners. It was to be cooked only in a stainless steel pot and with bottled Poland water. He tried the vegetable soup three times, labeling them Batch One, Two, and Three, and then designated one of the batches as acceptable.

"The chef told me later," said Margulis, "that he had used the same recipe each time."

[When Hughes settled on a menu,] he would demand the same meal every day. This precipitated the great Baskin-Robbins ice-cream fiasco.

He tried some of Baskin-Robbins' 31 varieties of ice cream, chose banana-nut as his favorite, and had two scoops of it with every meal for months.

The staff kept it constantly on hand.

One day the ice-cream supply was running low, and Mell Stewart was sent to the local Baskin-Robbins to replenish it. He came back with bleak news. The ice-cream chain, which adds new varieties periodically and drops others, had discontinued the Hughes favorite. No more banana-nut.

The aides went into a panic. There were only about six or eight scoops left, and then what? One of the aides saw

a way out of the looming crisis. He told Stewart to telephone the Baskin-Robbins office in California and ask if they could make up a special batch of banana-nut.

"I got on the telephone and talked to one of the executives," Stewart says. "He said they didn't ordinarily do this, but it could be done.

"I asked what was the smallest batch they could make on special order. He said 350 gallons."

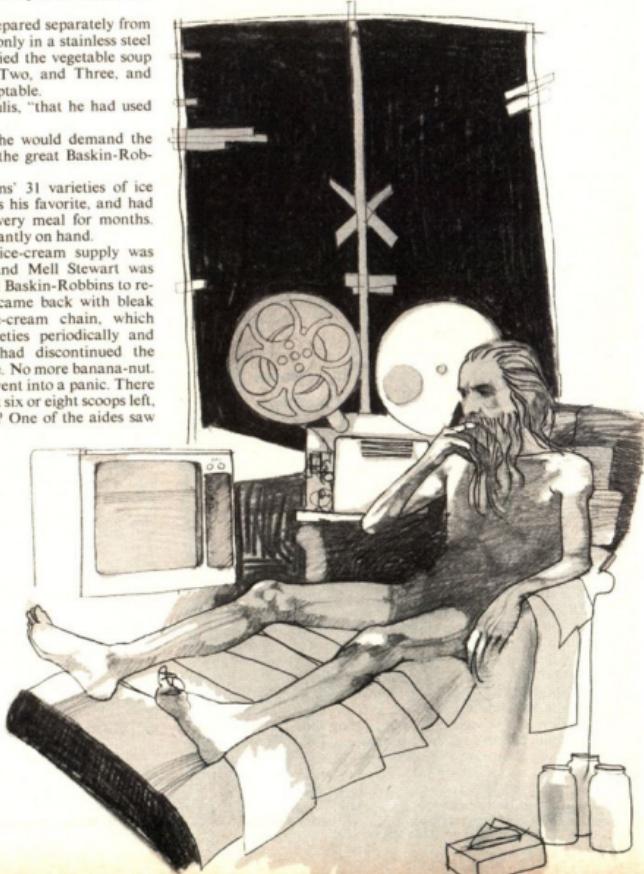
Stewart's mind reeled. "[But] by now I was beginning to understand how things worked in the Hughes organization," Stewart said. "You did what you had to do. So I took a deep breath and told him to make up the batch at once."

The food manager at the Desert Inn had been alerted that some ice cream was coming in for Hughes and that it was supposed to be kept secret. "We still had a few scoops of the old banana-nut left when the new banana-nut arrived," Margulis says. "So we were all set for the rest of Hughes' lifetime."

When the ice cream was served to Hughes the next day, he ate it and declared, "That's great ice cream, but it's time for a change. From now on, I want French vanilla."

Shortly after his arrival in Las Vegas in late 1966, Hughes

HUGHES WATCHING FAVORITE FLICK, ICE STATION ZEBRA



Some people think all we have to do is stick holes in the earth to find oil.

To pinpoint the oil and gas you need, we've got to do much more than that.

To begin with, there's the geo-physical exploration and the leasing of the land. In 1975, we paid over 68 million dollars for offshore leases alone — just for the right to look for oil and gas.

Next we have to drill to see if there actually is oil or gas underground. Drilling can take up to a year or more. If oil or gas is discovered, we then can begin development drilling.

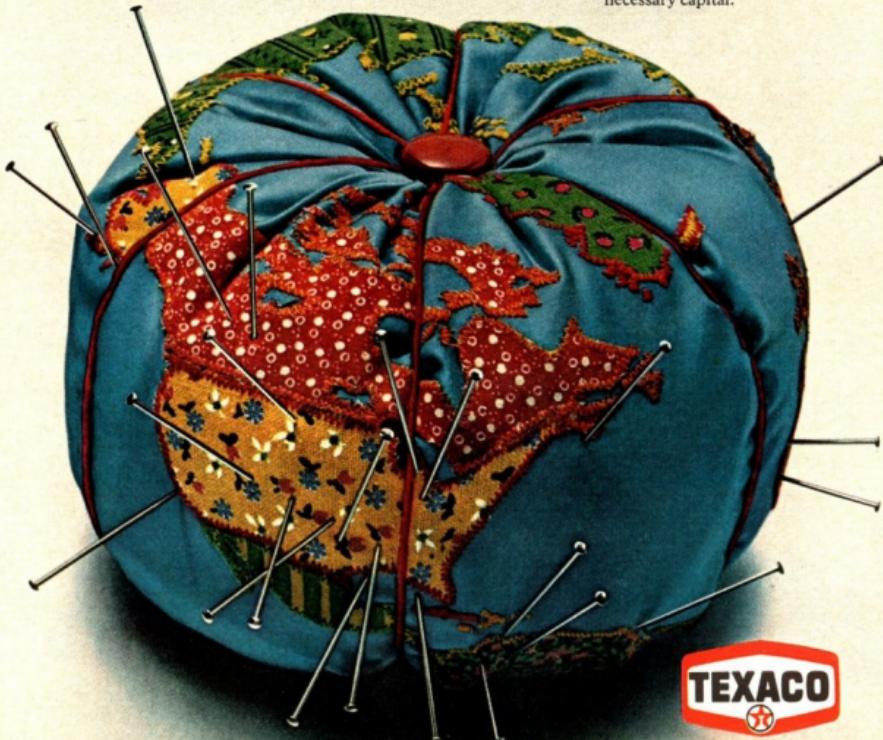
But drilling is risky and costly. Out of every 50 exploratory wells drilled by the industry in search of new oil or gas... only one on the average finds enough to be recovered in commercial amounts.

Then there's the cost. By the latest available figures, the average onshore well in 1974 cost \$120,000, and offshore the average cost of a single well was \$820,000. And if deep drilling is required, the well could cost as much as 1 million dollars or more.

And even if we find oil or gas,

our job isn't over. If a pipeline or storage system is needed, that's at least a two to six month job or even longer — at great cost. Then we have to get the oil to the refinery and manufacture it into the hundreds of products you need.

From the day we start looking for oil or gas to the day we can turn it into a finished product... it could take years and cost millions of dollars. The best way to supply you with the petroleum energy you need is through a free enterprise system that will enable us to generate the necessary capital.



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Today, it makes entire Word Processing systems work.

In the 1960s, the American office initiated a change in its manner of conducting business. The growing need of management for information was producing a rising flood of paperwork. To cope with this problem, it became apparent that a new approach to office productivity was needed — an approach that involved a more systematic employment of equipment, procedures, and personnel. Thus the concept of Word Processing emerged.

In 1969, Word Processing technology made an important advance with the introduction of the IBM Mag Card Selectric® Typewriter. The IBM magnetic card — with its ease of handling, storing, and retrieving, and its remarkable revision capability — had an immediate and marked effect on typing productivity. Also important was the fact that each card contained approximately one page of text; this made it possible to distribute work among various typists on the basis of availability. On the human side, there were important gains in work satisfaction, since the typist was relieved of the need to retype material that had already been typed correctly. Most significant, the IBM magnetic card made it possible to organize and systematize office paperwork to a degree never before possible.

As the concept of Word Processing grew, so did the capabilities of the equipment using the IBM magnetic card. The addition of an electronic memory and logic to IBM magnetic card typewriters gave the units greatly enlarged revision capacity and the ability to handle more complex functions automatically. In time, equipment with various levels of capability was developed. New functions were added as Word

Processing users became more sophisticated and recognized new needs.

Today, the IBM magnetic card is the foundation of complete Word Processing systems which combine IBM mag card typewriters with other IBM Word Processing equipment to provide the required mix of keyboarding, revision, playout, and communications capabilities for any particular office situation.

A simple system might consist of one or more IBM mag card typewriters. An office with higher volume needs might use a number of magnetic card typewriters combined with an IBM 46/40 Document Printer — a high-speed ink-jet printer capable of playing out high-quality copy at speeds of up to 92 characters per second. Still other high-capacity systems are based upon IBM Word Processor/32 — a Word Processing program used with a desk-sized computer. It provides extensive memory, wide processing capacity, strong administrative support, high-speed communications — and is also available for a number of data processing applications.

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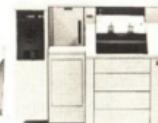
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And the second is the Remington Soft Touch's twin shaving heads. The first head cuts the whisker then sets it up to be cut again by the second head.

But as impressive as all this is, a few of you may still have doubts.

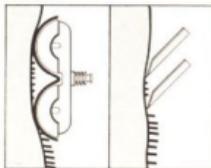
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appointed a relative newcomer to the organization as his alter-ego and chief representative to the outside world: Robert Maheu, a former CIA and FBI operative. Hughes built Maheu a \$640,000 mansion on the grounds of the Desert Inn.

The single most important feature of the Maheu house was a direct telephone line to the Hughes penthouse. Hughes could now pick up the telephone and talk to his new right-hand man without going through the Romaine switchboard.

"There were times when I thought the telephone had grown to my ear," says Maheu. "One day I spent 20 hours on the phone with him. It was not unusual for him to call me ten, fifteen, even thirty times a day."

Could these conversations have been captured on a split-screen monitor and shown to someone unfamiliar with the pair, the viewer would have assumed that Maheu was the billionaire and that he was talking to some scruffy indigent who had just had all his clothes stolen.

Hughes plainly saw Maheu as his alter-ego. Maheu was the magic telephone booth into which Hughes could limp and then spring forth as the long-vanished SuperHughes. He could stride out into the world in the form of Maheu, deal with Presidents, gov-

"A round-the-clock communications and message center Hughes maintained in Los Angeles.

ernors, bankers, and Mafia chieftains, whisk himself where he wished in an executive jet, throw big parties without a thought of all the germs the guests harbored.

Reclining on his paper-towel insulated lounge chair, the billionaire wrote entire scripts for Maheu-Hughes to play out for him in the exciting but fearsome world. When Maheu did not come back as quickly as possible with his report on a project, Hughes would get anxious. "Let me hear from you, Bob. I want to know that you agree with me."

Bleak news. The ice-cream chain had discontinued the Hughes favorite. No more banana-nut.

He was sensitive to Maheu's disfavor. "You frequently get annoyed with me if I interrogate you in any way that might possibly be considered as an expression of uncertain faith and confidence. Now, Bob, I don't know if I can do anything at this late date, but I certainly think we both should give it an all-out effort. Why don't you work your angles and I will work mine and let's hope that between us we can accomplish it." The

The Keepers of the King



FROM LEFT: ECKERSLEY, FRANCOM, HOLMES & MYLER (DRAWN FROM DESCRIPTIONS)

They had no lavish corporate suites, no direct authority over other senior Hughes employees, practically no business experience. They did, however, have two striking advantages: they were, with a single exception, adherents to Mormonism, a religion that embodies Howard Hughes' aversion to drinking and smoking; and they had direct, unlimited access to the king himself. They also never talked; one reporter described them as "men without mouths."

They were Hughes' so-called Mormon Mafia, the six gentlemen in waiting who were recruited by Summa Corp. Vizier Bill Gay, himself a Mormon, and attended the anchoritic Croesus day and night, in eight-hour shifts. They were assisted by four physicians on 24-hour call and five lesser functionaries, including Gordon Margulis and Mell Stewart. For their services the six senior aides were (and apparently still are) paid as much as \$110,000 a year each. They equipped his various hideaways, decided which messages would reach him, censored his reading matter. In short, they controlled Howard Hughes. The six:

in the 1950s by filling in when the master's regular movie projectionist showed up drunk. Eckersley has seven children and is an energetic tennis player despite having suffered a broken back on Okinawa in the World War II Navy. In 1972 he was charged by Canadian authorities with stock fraud in connection with a mining venture. The case was never brought to trial, but Eckersley's standing in the Hughes empire declined.

GEORGE FRANCOM, 62, friendly, soft-spoken and devoutly religious. Francom joined Hughes as a driver and guard after attending three colleges and serving in the Air Force Medical Corps. He has four children and spends his spare moments in quiet pursuits: reading books on religion, going on nature-study walks and, when Hughes was in the Bahamas or Acapulco, swimming and snorkeling. More than any of his colleagues, Francom agonized over his employer's welfare. "He wanted to minimize the dope Hughes was taking," Mell Stewart told TIME. "He wanted Hughes to get up and walk, exercise. He saw the collusion, the lies. George wanted to do things for the boss, but the others wouldn't let him. They told him to play ball or be ostracized."

HOWARD ECKERSLEY, about 51, a University of Utah psychology graduate who became a Hughes favorite one day

JOHN HOLMES, 60, the *primus inter pares* of the Mormon Mafia, though the only non-Mormon among them (he is a Roman Catholic). Holmes worked in Southern California as a salesman for a tobacco company before he signed on as Hughes' personal driver in the early 1950s. He joined the inner circle in 1957, and is now one of Summa Corp.'s five directors. Tense, quiet and politically conservative, Holmes is said to have been a very heavy coffee drinker and a chain-smoker—but never in Hughes' presence.

LEVAR ("BEEBE") MYLER, 53, the only other member of the Mormon Mafia on Summa Corp.'s board of directors. A former Air Force mechanic and picture-frame maker, Myler signed on in 1950 as a chauffeur for Actress Jean Peters. Hughes' second wife. Overweight, short-tempered and ailing (gout, heart trouble), he was standoffish and kept mostly to himself.

JIM RICKARD, 57, a former lumberjack and World War II fighter pilot who sold insurance before joining Hughes as an \$80-a-week driver two decades ago. His first job was to chauffeur the flock of Hughes' starlets. He went into the movie business himself with a drive-in theater in Idaho but returned to the Hughes fold after it failed. Rickard is a convert to Mormonism.

CLARENCE ("CHUCK") WALDRON, 41, a one-time cabinetmaker who joined the Hughes organization as a driver about 20 years ago. Phelan describes him as something of an embarrassment to his five low-profile colleagues. "Sometimes he would burst into falsetto song, dance alone to music in public places or suddenly begin to imitate a horse neighing or a dog barking," writes Phelan. A one-time high school football player, Waldron has three children. A fourth drowned last summer in the Bahamas.



HUGHES IN PENTHOUSE ON PHONE TO . . .

"apprehensions and restlessness" centered on a possibility that Arnold Palmer and Jack Nicklaus might not appear at a Hughes-sponsored golf tournament.

In one memo, Hughes glimpsed that his mind was not functioning properly. "Bob, I have only three really serious problems that might prevent an activation of the mining properties, the new hotels, the automobile race track, and even a few more Nevada projects. These three are: 1. The new Showboat [a rival Las Vegas casino]. 2. The race track legislation which must have the most immediate attention.

"Bob, I know this sounds odd, but I cannot remember the 3rd item. It is equally important with the other 2. So that makes it even more surprising that I have forgotten it. However, I will remember it very soon and convey it to you just the minute my brain starts to work."

Sometimes Hughes would sit for hours, silent and brooding, in his little Desert Inn bedroom. He would gather the long hair streaming down his back, pull it up over the top of his head, then let it fall, gather it up, let it fall. [Then] he would pick up the phone and tell Maheu: "Bob, I'm lonesome."

Hughes soon found himself unwittingly involved in a power struggle that pitted Gay, an old-line Hughes executive, and Davis, the chief legal counsel, against Maheu for control of the empire. The executive aides blocked Maheu's communications with Hughes and convinced Hughes that Maheu had been stealing from him. Enraged, Hughes ordered Davis and Gay to fire Maheu, but first Hughes secretly slipped out of Las Vegas on the eve of Thanksgiving Day, 1970, to avoid the fireworks.

The door to Hughes' bedroom opened and the billionaire was brought out on a stretcher. His grey hair, a foot and a half long, was incongruously topped by a snap-brim brown Stetson, the kind that had been his trademark back in the 1930s when he was breaking world records as a pilot. (Months earlier Mell Stewart had scoured Las Vegas men's shops to find the Stetson. Hughes had insisted that the proper out-of-date hat be found for him.) His eyes were sunken, with dark circles under them, and his weight was down around 115 pounds. He was clad in a pair of blue pajamas, and from what Gordon could see, his legs and lower arms were almost bone thin.

He was lying face up on the stretcher with a pillow covered by a plastic bag

THE NATION

under his head. "He was in bad shape, but he was lucid and coherent," says Margulis. "We picked him up. I took the front end of the stretcher with Eckersley, Holmes, and Francom at the other end."

The penthouse floor has two interior fire escapes. One opens off the elevator landing where the guard was stationed. The other is at the far end of the corridor and exits on the Strip side of the Desert Inn. The departure was made by this path so that Hughes could not be seen by his own guard.

The silent group moved out of The Office, turned right and went down the fire escape. Margulis went first, holding the front of the stretcher high to keep it level. They descended carefully, a step at a time, for nine floors, like a solemn religious procession bearing aloft a sacred relic or ikon.

"It's pretty narrow in here," Hughes piped up during the descent. "I guess it's a good thing I've lost weight."

"Keep your arms at your side," Margulis cautioned him, "and we'll make it all right."

On the ground floor a lookout signaled all-clear, and the pace quickened. The stretcher was swiftly placed in a waiting, unmarked van. Eckersley, Holmes, and Francom piled in, and the van slid out onto the deserted Strip and headed for Nellis [Air Force Base near Las Vegas].

At Nellis the two pilots were ordered to walk off in the darkness and face away from the plane. With Hughes sequestered in the rear of the plane, the two pilots were allowed to board but were warned not to look back at any time during the flight.

On Thanksgiving Day, Margulis went through a charade to establish that Hughes, by then safely hidden 3,000 miles away, was still at the Desert Inn. He went down to the Desert Inn kitchen in the morning and ordered a "special turkey dinner for the boss." The chefs spent most of the day preparing it. When it was ready, Margulis put it on a serving cart, wheeled it to the elevator, and took it up to the abandoned penthouse.

"Dinner for the boss," he told the guard, as he pushed the cart through the partition door. The dinner was consumed by two functionaries. [Meanwhile,] Stewart and three others cleaned

Hughes would brood for hours. Then he would pick up the phone and tell Maheu, "Bob, I'm lonesome."

up the billionaire's little bedroom. "It was—well, pretty awful," says Stewart. "There hadn't been a maid in the room for four years, and it had never been vacuumed or dusted."

Stewart's job was to dispose of Hughes' empty bottles of pain-killing drugs. They had been stacked on a wide shelf in the bedroom closet, and when Stewart opened the door he was astonished at the sight. "There must have been a hundred of them," he says. "I didn't count them, but they were stacked on top of each other, and they almost filled the shelf space."

The three other functionaries had to deal with an even darker Hughes secret. For years he had had the habit of urinating into a wide-mouthed Mason jar while reclining on his lounge chair. His kidneys were malfunctioning long before they failed in Acapulco and precipitated his death. Relieving himself took hours, and he was too weak to sit all that time in the bathroom. Instead of being emptied, the jars had been capped and stacked in a room across the hall. The employees had to get rid of a three-year supply of Hughes' urine and then destroy the jars. One aide kept going off to an adjoining bathroom to retch.

Hughes was spirited to the top floor of the Britannia Beach Hotel on Paradise Island, just off Nassau. It was a



... ALTER EGO ROBERT MAHEU

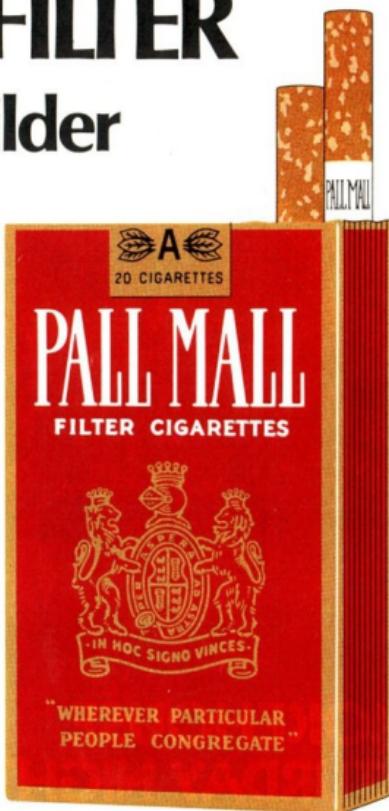
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destination that Maheu had earlier warned him against because the blacks were seizing political power there. But Hughes reckoned the blacks "ought to be content and happy with tourists' tips." He lived there for 15 months in quiet seclusion. Then Author Clifford Irving produced a bogus biography of Hughes. Hughes was only mildly disturbed. "He did not get any of my money," he would say. Still, in order to denounce the book as a fraud, Hughes held a telephone conversation with a group of reporters who had known him in earlier days. The uproar caused by the Irving hoax attracted the attention of black politicians to the rich Whitey—and his aides living without proper residence or work permits in their country. They decided to break down his door to have a look at him.

While Bahamian officials rampaged through Hughes' penthouse and seized three aides for immediate deportation, Hughes was hidden in a spare room on the sixth floor of the hotel. Meanwhile, a former Secret Service agent named Jim Golden arranged for an 85-ft. powerboat to spirit Hughes to Florida.

On the sunny afternoon of February 15, 1972, if any of the guests lounging around the pool of the Britannia Beach Hotel had lifted their gaze toward the top floor they would have observed an astonishing sight. They would have seen the richest man in the United States being hustled down the outdoor fire escape on a stretcher borne by three men.

Hughes was loaded into a van behind the hotel. The party drove, with the van's lights off, out of the hotel grounds and down to the waiting *Cygnus*. [Captain Bob] Rehak and his mate, a man named Donald Hout, were waiting. This time the rituals [to keep Hughes invisible] were dispensed with and Hughes, clad only in pajama tops and his old bathrobe, was loaded into the wheelhouse, in full view of the two strangers.

The trip to the mainland took twenty-two hours. The sea was rough and the *Cygnus* pitched and rolled. After a while some Dramamine to ward off seasickness, but he proved a good sailor and made the trip well.

They descended carefully for nine floors, like a solemn religious procession bearing a sacred ikon.

Margulis fared much worse. The ship reeked of fresh paint and diesel oil, and within an hour Margulis was stricken with seasickness. "I just stretched out on the floor of the stateroom and tried to tell myself that I wasn't going to die. After a while I didn't care if I did."

Hughes asked Eckersley, "What's Gordon doing on that floor? Floors are filthy, and he knows better than that."

[Eventually] Rehak brought the *Cygnus* into Biscayne Bay and docked it at a luxurious house that Bill Gay maintained there. Gay wanted Hughes moved into the house for a few days [and to have] some dental work [done, but] "Hughes never liked that Florida house, and he refused to go into it," Margulis said. "Golden had made arrangements and a U.S. Customs man was waiting in Florida to pass us on through to Nicaragua."

Hughes was driven in a van to Fort Lauderdale airport, and a leased executive jet took him to Nicaragua. A few weeks later, the captain of the *Cygnus* gave an interview to the *Miami Herald* in which he described in detail the appearance of his famed passenger—long toenails, unkempt hair, beard and all. Even though it was accurate, Hughes apparently felt compelled to dispel that image. Hence when Nicaraguan President Anastasio Somoza sent a request through U.S. Ambassador Turner Shelton for a meeting, Hughes, who was about to leave for Canada, decided to accept.

Some of the aides were upset. If he started meeting with outsiders, where would it all lead? If Hughes re-entered the world, their control over him would end and so would their reason for existence. Then one day Hughes sent word that he wanted to be barbers and groomed. Mell Stewart brought in his tools and set about lopping the great fall of hair and the straggling beard. Margulis accompanied Stewart, and this displeased Hughes.

"What's Gordon doing in here?" Hughes demanded.



MARGULIS HELPS CARRY HUGHES DOWN DESERT INN FIRE ESCAPE

"He's going to help me," Stewart replied.

"But Gordon handles the food," Hughes complained. "We don't want my food handler in here when I'm getting my hair cut."

"Mr. Hughes, haven't you ever heard of soap and water?" Stewart asked in exasperation. "When he's through here, Gordon goes and washes up."

Grooming Hughes in Nicaragua took longer than usual. Other than minor moustache trimming, Hughes hadn't been barbers for three or four years. One of his oddities was that he never made any reference to—or explanation of—his long periods of self-neglect. Neither did his aides. It was a subject that was not discussed, the way a close family might ignore a behavioral peculiarity of a distinctly eccentric but very rich uncle.

When they trimmed his nails, Hughes insisted that they leave his left thumbnail about a half-inch long and squared off.

"That's my screwdriver," he said. "Don't trim my screwdriver too short." He used his thumbnail to flick pages in his documents, and to tighten loose screws or make adjustments in his movie sound equipment or other appliances.

"The only reason I could figure out why he used his thumbnail," said Margulis, "was that it did away with handling a screw-

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driver, which might have germs on it. Handling inanimate objects had developed into a complicated ritual. When you were going to bring him a spoon, for example, the spoon handle had to be wrapped in Kleenex and Scotch-taped. Then you would take another piece of Kleenex to hold the Kleenex wrapping, so the wrapping wouldn't get contaminated. He would lift the wrapped spoon off the piece of Kleenex you were holding it with."

"He looked like a different man when we got him shaved and barbered and groomed," said Stewart.

The audience with Somoza and Shelton took place aboard the Hughes executive jet at the airport. Hughes was removed from the hotel in a wheelchair, taken to the airport, and put aboard the plane before his visitors arrived.

He greeted the president of Nicaragua and the U.S. ambassador wearing his pajama bottoms, his bathrobe and his old sandals. The tall, emaciated billionaire and the stocky, bespectacled dictator hit it off well. They had much in common; in many ways their coming together was comparable to a state visit between two sovereigns.

The meeting lasted some forty-five minutes. As the conversation went on, the senior aides began to get restless, and Somoza said that he did not want to hold up their departure.

"Don't worry about it," said Hughes. "This plane isn't going to go anywhere until I'm ready." [Later Ambassador Shelton

He just went along with them, and they had him back in his cage again. After a while he got into bed, and called for a movie, and everything was just the way it had been for years."

Upon his arrival in Canada, government authorities granted Hughes the customary six-month tax holiday. Two weeks before it ended, he flew back to Managua, where no one bothered him about taxes. Then, in the early morning of Dec. 23, 1972, a series of earthquakes, rated at 6.25 on the Richter scale, struck the Nicaraguan capital, destroying 75% of the city and leaving 7,000 people dead.

Hughes had narrowly escaped injury when the quake toppled his movie sound amplifier. [Jim] Rickard had caught it just as it was about to fall on the billionaire.

“ His body was starved, dehydrated and atrophied to a pitiful skeleton. He weighed barely 90 pounds. ”

"Hughes was lying in bed naked," Stewart said. "The room was still heaving and it felt as if the hotel was going to collapse in a heap. The boss had to be the calmest man in Managua. He kept saying that he would be all right. He didn't show any anx-

John -
It will be broad
day light landing at
destination and a hotel.

So, what are we
going to do about arrival at
hotel?

We will leave upon
arrival how difficult the
late entry will be at that
time. If necessary you might
want to stay abroad
until it gets dark.

HUGHES' ANXIOUS NOTE TO JOHN HOLMES ABOUT DAYLIGHT ARRIVAL IN VANCOUVER (LEFT) & HOLMES' REPLY

told the press:] "His hair was cut short like he used to wear it. He shook hands with both of us, and had a firm handshake. It is absolutely nonsense what has been printed about his nails being as long as Fu Manchu's. His fingernails were as well manicured as yours or mine."

From Managua, Hughes was whisked in an executive jet to Vancouver on March 12, 1972. His anxiety about the progress of the flight is reflected in his handwritten notes to Aide Holmes (see illustration). The top floor of the Bayshore Inn, overlooking Vancouver Bay, had been reserved for Hughes and his entourage.

When they took Hughes up the elevator to the suite they had picked out for him, Hughes went over to the window and looked out, instead of scuttling into his bedroom.

"The aides had picked the big middle room for The Office," Margulis said. "The boss gazed out the window a little while and watched a seaplane landing in the harbor. He said he liked the view.

"The aides didn't like that one bit," said Margulis. "They told me to get him away from the window and into his bedroom."

Then something happened that really frosted me. The boss said he liked the big room and the view and said it would make a nice sitting room for him. He hadn't had a sitting room for years, and he'd always had the windows taped and never looked out.

"They warned him that somebody could fly past the sitting room in a helicopter and shoot his picture with a telephoto lens. 'Here's your room,' they told him, and took him into another little blacked-out bedroom, with the draperies all taped down tight.

iety about getting out of the hotel. He asked me 'What is the extent of the damage?'

"I dashed to the window, looked out, and told him the whole town was falling down. I don't know whether he didn't hear me or didn't understand, but this didn't seem to bother him. He said something about watching a movie."

Stewart tried to get the naked billionaire dressed, but couldn't find any of his drawstring shorts. Hughes kept saying that he was all right, he'd borrow Stewart's underwear.

"I yelled at him that mine wouldn't fit him," Stewart said. "We could have put two Hugheses in one pair of my shorts."

Stewart finally located a pair of shorts, Hughes' old bathrobe and his sandals, and got the emaciated billionaire dressed. Before he would leave, he demanded that Stewart retrieve his metal box of drugs.

"That box was always the first thing the boss thought about. He wouldn't move anywhere without that box," said Stewart.

Hughes was put on a stretcher and, since the quake had knocked out the elevators, carried down a cluttered stairwell.

The Hughes party had two Mercedes in the parking lot. They put Hughes in the back seat of one of them and Stewart with him, and drove to an adjoining baseball field. Aftershocks from the quake were still shaking the hotel and they parked in the open so the hotel wouldn't crash down on them.

When the quake waned, Stewart went back into the hotel and retrieved a pillow and a blanket for Hughes. As soon as he was made comfortable, he went to sleep.

Eckersley dropped off Hughes and Stewart at the Somoza

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holidays and express the
spirit of friendship than with
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for almost 100 years.

J&B
RARE
SCOTCH



STRETCHER-BORNE HUGHES BEING RUSHED FROM MANAGUA INTER-CONTINENTAL HOTEL DURING EARTHQUAKE

house, where Stewart secluded the billionaire in a large cabana alongside the pool.

Hughes seemed strangely aloof from the devastation around him. "He never asked once about the death toll," Stewart said. "At one point he did say some funds should be sent down from his organization to help rebuild the hospitals. Later I was told that Bill Gay vetoed the idea of giving Nicaragua any money."

From the smoldering ruins of Managua, Hughes sought refuge at London's handsome Inn on the Park, where the arrangements were made by the British branch of the Rothschild family. While in London, Hughes received one of the greatest thrills of his life—after twelve years of bitter litigation, which he had lost at every level of the federal judiciary, the Supreme Court reversed earlier rulings and declared that he was not guilty under antitrust laws of imposing self-serving deals on TWA, and dismissed a \$170 million judgment that had been hanging over his head. His spirits were so buoyed that he decided to take the controls of an aircraft again.

But if he was going to fly, he would have to have some clothes. He could hardly man the controls of a jet wearing his drawstring shorts and an old bathrobe. Margulis got the assignment of outfitting Hughes. "We went out to Simpson's in the West End, a very expensive establishment. I'd always wanted to buy clothes at Simpson's. I bought eight light-blue shirts—four with short sleeves and four with long sleeves—and two suits. I didn't ask the price of anything. I don't know what the salespeople thought.

"After I bought those clothes, Mr. Hughes decided that he wanted the kind of old leather flight jacket that he had worn when he was flying back in the 1930s and 1940s. We went back out and scoured London, and finally found the right kind of leather jacket in a thrift shop.

"Then we discovered that his old snap-brim hat was missing, the one Mell had rustled up for him in Las Vegas. It probably got left behind in Managua during the earthquake. So I had to go out and find a snap-brim Stetson, which wasn't the easiest thing to do in London in 1973. I located some at Dunn's hat shop. We were in luck and they had his size.

"While we were fitting him out, I tried to get him a new supply of drawstring shorts, because he was down to just a couple of pairs. If there is any shop in London that carries drawstring shorts I wasn't able to find it."

The where-do-we-get-drawstring-shorts question was solved internally by the Hughes entourage. Fred Jayka [an outer-circle jack-of-all-trades] said he was an amateur tailor and would be happy to whip up some underwear for the billionaire.

[Hughes] was sixty-seven years old, hadn't flown for at least twelve years, and his eyesight was so poor he couldn't read without a magnifying glass. His weight was down to around 120 pounds, and he was poorly coordinated. On top of all this, he did not have a valid pilot's license. His medical certificate had expired in the late 1950s. For several years thereafter, rather than risk a turndown by an examining doctor, he had simply flown without one.

No one in his entourage was about to raise any legal objections to the billionaire's plans. None of them, however, was eager to go along with him physically. Stewart put it bluntly. "Howard Hughes doesn't have enough money to get me on a plane that he's flying."

Jack Real [a former Hughes flying companion who was a member of the entourage] had a private jet brought in and stationed at Hatchfield airport. [He] had lined up a young English jet pilot, Tony Blackburn, to fly with Hughes. No one seriously thought that Hughes actually proposed to handle the plane in the takeoff and landing; he could hold down the copilot's seat and take over the controls for a while. When this was diplomati-

The whole town was falling down.
This didn't bother him. The boss had
to be the calmest man in Managua.

ically spelled out, he objected strenuously. "What do you mean, I fly copilot?" he complained. "I've never flown copilot in my life."

Blackburn, a young man with his whole life ahead of him, was adamant. Hughes grumbled but gave in.

Finally one morning, Margulis got the order for the chicken sandwiches that Hughes [always asked for when he was going off on a plane]. [Margulis] made up a packet, along with the mandatory bottle of Poland water, and helped Hughes descend from his hideout down the service elevator to the hotel garage. With his snap-brim hat and his leather jacket, the man who had broken the round-the-world flight record almost forty years earlier boarded an old Daimler limousine and went off to relive the joys of long-gone days.

A few weeks later, disaster struck. As he was being helped by an aide to the bathroom, Hughes slipped and fell, fracturing his right femur. Hughes wanted to be operated on in his hotel room, but British Surgeon Walter Robinson insisted that he would perform the operation only in a hospital. Hughes relented—but he de-



FLYING CO-PILOT AT AGE 67 IN A SMALL EXECUTIVE JET

manded to leave the clinic before the fracture had properly mended. Result: he refused even to try to walk again. From then on, his life, which had seemed on the upturn, took a tragic downward plunge. He was taken to the Xanadu Princess Hotel in Freeport, where the Bahamians this time were happy to welcome him. Then, after two years, he was moved again—this time to the pyramidal Princess Hotel in Acapulco.

When they wheeled him into the elevator at Acapulco, the door malfunctioned. The door would close, but the elevator wouldn't move, and then the door would open again.

"We just stayed there, while the door opened and closed, until finally Hughes became aware something was wrong," said Margulis. "He asked me what the hell was going on. I made a little joke. I told him, 'This is your new room. We'll bring your bed in soon, and this is where you're going to live.'

"He caught on in a little while, made his O.K. signal with his thumb and his first finger in a circle and managed a little smile. It was the last time I ever saw him smile."

"Then the elevator worked and we took him up to his new bedroom. When I carried him in, it was like carrying a frail, long-legged child."

In Acapulco, Hughes' condition worsened, but his retinue seemed confused and powerless. The chief physician, Dr. Wilbur Thain, a general practitioner from Utah who is the brother-in-law of Bill Gay, was not even there. He had gone off a few days earlier to Florida. In his absence, the other physicians seemed unable to take any decisive action. On Saturday, April 3, 1976, Margulis stepped into the small, blacked-out room where Hughes lay dying.

It was dark, silent, timeless, a room that could have been anywhere or nowhere, a setting out of Kafka.

Facing Hughes at the foot of his bed, as always, was his movie screen. Behind his bed, as always, was his movie projector. Alongside the bed was his special amplifier for the movie sound track, its controls in easy reach. For years he had lain in bed watching movies, immersed in a series of two-dimensional worlds that he chose himself and totally controlled. He ran his favorites over and over, the sound turned up to accommodate his impaired hearing, the dialogue booming and reverberating in the darkened room. He had run his No. 1 choice, *Ice Station Zebra*, more than 150 times, until his functionaries knew the entire sound track by heart.

But now the screen was dark, the amplifier silent. His body was starved, dehydrated and atrophied to a pitiful skeleton resembling those of the victims of Dachau and Buchenwald. He

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weighed barely ninety pounds. His one-time 6' 4" frame had shrunk three inches. His legs and arms were pipstem thin, so fragile that a strong child might have snapped them like a wishbone. On his back were two severe bedsores that had plagued him for years. His pelvis jutted sharply, uncushioned by flesh. On his right side one could see the outline of a metal surgical pin that had repaired, after a fashion, the hip bone he had snapped more than two years earlier in a fall.

Margulis stood inside the bedroom door, a dozen feet or so from his employer. He could see the shallow rise and fall of Hughes' thin chest. He watched the figure on the bed for four or five minutes. Then Hughes opened his eyes and stared for a long time at the ceiling. Finally he turned his head to the left, away from Margulis. He reached out a thin arm to a Kleenex box and took out a hypodermic syringe tucked in under the open flap. It was filled with a clear liquid. Hughes held it for a while in his left hand, contemplating it. He turned it several times and tilted it, as if to assure himself that the syringe was charged. Then he reached across his chest and inserted the needle laterally into the outside of his right arm alongside the shrunken bicep.

The movement apparently exhausted him. He fumbled clumsily with the plunger but couldn't depress it. He tried several times and gave up. The syringe hung for a moment from his right arm, and then dropped to the bed.

Margulis then summoned Aide George Francom.

Hughes turned his head and stared at him.

"I didn't get it," he said, making a weak gesture toward his right arm. He was not aware that the syringe had fallen from his arm. "Give it to me, George," he said.

Francom shook his head firmly. "That's a doctor's job," he said. Although Hughes couldn't hear him, he could see his gesture of refusal. He turned to Margulis. "Give me all of it, Gordon," he commanded.

"I won't fool with that crap," Gordon told Francom, and turned to walk out.

"Hey, Gordon," Hughes called weakly. "Hey, ay, ay, ay."

[Gordon] had known about the drug injections for years. One day he had come upon Hughes and his syringe by happenstance. At first Hughes had hidden the syringe away whenever he saw Gordon. But after a while he abandoned his dissembling and had shot himself up openly in Gordon's presence. Hughes used the syringes in his arms and also, in a routine that made Gordon cringe, shot drugs into his groin, usually on the upper inside of his thighs.

Hughes' drugs were the province of the doctors, or at least some of the doctors. There were four in the Hughes entourage, but they were not on an equal footing or in agreement about their patient. There had been an argument with one of them

Stewart put it bluntly. "Hughes doesn't have enough money to get me on a plane that he's flying."

because he had refused to apply for a narcotics license, and this had angered Hughes.

"Fire the son of a bitch," Hughes had ordered. Then he added, as he usually did when someone had achieved close access to him, "but keep him on the payroll." By retaining people he had "fired" on his payroll, he kept a rein on them, so they would not disclose any of his secrets to the outside world.

Others of the Palace Guard were also involved somehow with Hughes' drugs and metal "medication" box, Margulis and Stewart had observed. From time to time, certain aides would bring in sealed packets or envelopes to replenish or add to whatever was in the metal box. These packets were referred to cryptically as "The Man's goodies."

What Hughes plainly needed, Margulis thought, was forced intravenous feeding, but not until his last few hours was an attempt made to drip nourishment into his wasting body. In his

"In addition to Dr. Thain, the physicians were Dr. Norman Crane, a former Beverly Hills internist; Dr. Lawrence Chaffin, a California surgeon; and Dr. Homer Clark, a Salt Lake City pathologist.

last three days Hughes consumed only a few swallows of water and milk and a few spoonfuls of dessert. "At least the aides said he ate a little dessert," Margulis said, "but I didn't see him do it."

At some point during his last days in the humid, blacked-out bedroom his kidneys failed, and he began to suffer uremic poisoning. As the subsequent autopsy disclosed, his kidneys had atrophied to less than half their normal size and weight.

"When the doctors decided to run [a] test," said Margulis, "a Mexican nurse was called in to pick up [the blood] for testing. Then they couldn't tell the nurse what they wanted done with the sample because she didn't speak English and no one spoke Spanish."

Finally one of the aides remembered that a man on duty at the Summa office in Las Vegas, John Larsen, spoke Spanish. "So they set up a conference call with Larsen, which took further time," Margulis said. "Dr. Chaffin was on the phone in The Office, the nurse was on an extension in Eric Bundy's telephone room, and they were both connected with Larsen in Las Vegas. The doctor would tell Larsen in English what he wanted done. Larsen would question him until he was sure he understood the instructions. Then he would translate them into Spanish and relay

The syringe had fallen. "Give it to me, George," he said. "That's a doctor's job," Francom said.

them back to the nurse, who was in the room next to Dr. Chaffin. When she had questions, she would put them in Spanish to Larsen in Las Vegas, and he would relay them in English back to Dr. Chaffin.

Medical specialists said later that the proper procedure would have been to put Hughes on a kidney dialysis machine. Ironically, his Howard Hughes Medical Institute in Florida had done considerable research to advance this life-saving procedure, but there was no kidney dialysis machine available at the Acapulco Princess Hotel.

"Even before the test results came in," Margulis said, "everybody was asking what we would do if he died. But nobody said, 'Let's do something.' We had one meeting and tried to decide whether to fly Hughes to Mexico City, Houston, Bermuda, or back to London. But it broke up without any decision."

Sunday [April 4] it was decided to summon Dr. Thain back to Acapulco. Jack Real was instructed to rustle up a jet plane, and the aides located Dr. Thain through his secretary. The plane picked up the doctor in Fort Lauderdale late Sunday night and rushed him back to the Mexican resort and his dying patient. [When it became plain that Hughes would have to be moved, he was washed and barbecued.] Equipment for intravenous feeding was flown in from Los Angeles.

Near dawn Monday, the doctors decided to call in outside help. One of them summoned Dr. [Victor Manuell Montemayor] (house doctor for a number of Acapulco resort hotels). He arrived at the Hughes penthouse at 6 a.m. He spent two hours examining the emaciated billionaire and later said he was "aghast" at his condition. He was shown the blood analysis disclosing the failure of Hughes' kidneys, and his own examination showed that Hughes was drastically dehydrated, with a pulse so weak that the Mexican doctor could get no reading in several attempts to take his blood pressure.

The doctors explained to him, he told reporters later, that Hughes was a difficult patient, "that sometimes he refused medicine and food. And once he had refused, that was final. Nobody could change his mind."

Despite Dr. Montemayor's dismay at the lack of decisive action, hours passed before the billionaire was moved. To the very end, the entourage went through the old familiar rituals of secrecy, masquer-

ade, and concealment. Before they removed Hughes, they reserved a suite at the Houston Methodist Hospital for him in the name of "J.T. Conover." They put a Houston ambulance on a stand-by alert at the airport for an unnamed patient "suffering from diabetes."

At 9 a.m. an aide aroused Gordon Margulis by telephone. He dressed hurriedly and went to The Office and found a scene bordering on panic. "Everyone was swarming around like a bunch of blue-assed flies, shredding papers and documents," he said. He went into the bedroom. For the first time since the final crisis had closed in, Hughes was wearing an oxygen mask. It was connected to a huge oxygen cylinder Margulis had never seen before, twice the size of the stand-by equipment the Hughes party normally carried.

After a while word was passed to the penthouse that an ambulance was waiting. A guard was sent down to make sure that there were no onlookers. With this ritual observed, someone took off the oxygen mask so Hughes could be moved. Gordon Margulis lifted the frail seventy-year-old billionaire, as light as a child, and put him on a stretcher. He and an aide carried it to the service elevator. Margulis raced back, wrestled the huge oxygen cylinder aboard, and Hughes was put back on it.

The decision to hospitalize Hughes had come too late; his heart gave out while the jet raced toward Houston. According to Dr. Thain, he died at 1:27 p.m., a half-hour out of Houston airport. Late in the day of the death, I Arelo Sederberg [the Summa spokesman] was authorized to state that Hughes had died of a "cerebral vascular accident," medicalesce for a stroke. But the official autopsy attributed his death to renal (kidney) failure and said nothing about a stroke. The Summa officials did not reconcile this contradiction.

Hughes' body was claimed by his Houston relatives, and he was buried in a private Episcopal ceremony in a grave next to those of his mother and father. In Las Vegas, his death was commemorated in another manner.

The casino managers complied with the request of Summa's public relations director for a minute of silence. For a brief moment the casinos fell silent. Housewives stood uncomfortably clutching their paper cups full of coins at the slot machines, the blackjack games paused, and at the crap tables stickmen cradled the dice in the crooks of their wooden wands.

Then a pit boss looked at his watch, leaned forward and whispered, "O.K., roll the dice. He's had his minute."



HUGHES SHOOTING HIMSELF WITH "GOODIES"

NATO

Still Strong Enough to Block a Blitz?

The dawn quiet of central Germany is suddenly shattered by the thundering explosions of tens of thousands of Soviet rockets and artillery shells. Then thousands of Soviet tanks, with dozens of motorized rifle divisions behind them, crash across the frontier into West Germany. Far to the south, Warsaw Pact forces blast into Turkey and through Yugoslavia toward Italy, while the Soviet Fleet moves in the Mediterranean and North Atlantic to neutralize NATO's warships.

But the Western alliance is ready. Warned of the enemy buildup by spy satellite photos, NATO's divisions are at full strength and alerted. Using only conventional weapons, NATO is able to absorb much of the punch and launch selected counterattacks, thus slowing the advance sufficiently to give the alliance a chance to reinforce its divisions, to search for diplomatic solutions and—most important of all—to have time to assess when, if and how nuclear weapons should be used.

For nearly a decade, this has been NATO's standard scenario of an East-West war. Today, however, concern is mounting, especially among West Europeans, that this is dangerously outdated. After a recent inspection of NATO installations, Senators Sam Nunn and Dewey Bartlett of the Senate Armed Services Committee charged that Soviet forces in Europe could now mount a surprise attack, blitz their way past NATO's defenses and reach the Rhine in 48 hours. Reported the Senators: "Should the NATO alliance fail to improve its conventional war-fighting capabilities ... the Soviet Union and its Warsaw Pact allies soon may be invited by NATO weaknesses to launch a major conventional invasion of Western Europe ..."

While this assessment may be a bit shrill, many Western military men agree with it. Similar views are certain to punctuate this week's separate meetings of the alliance's Defense Ministers and

Foreign Ministers at NATO headquarters near Brussels. A classified combat effectiveness report, prepared for NATO Commanding General Alexander Haig, will serve as a tough briefing paper for the meetings. Haig's conclusion: the alliance's conventional ground forces are weak and must be strengthened. Because of the Soviet buildup, warns Haig, "NATO will have less and less warning of a potential Soviet offensive." The most charitable assessment that one NATO ambassador can offer about the organization: "It is a healthy cripple."

This is not the first time that the 15-nation alliance has been racked with doubt about its ability to repel or even sufficiently deter a Soviet-led invasion of Western Europe. Yet NATO's present concern over its battlefield limitations is probably more valid than ever.

To be sure, there is nothing in the state of East-West relations today that would make a Soviet attack likely. But

ON THE LOOKOUT IN WEST GERMANY



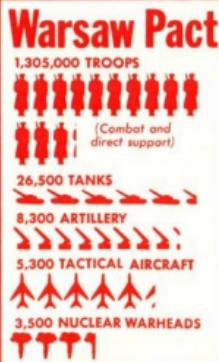
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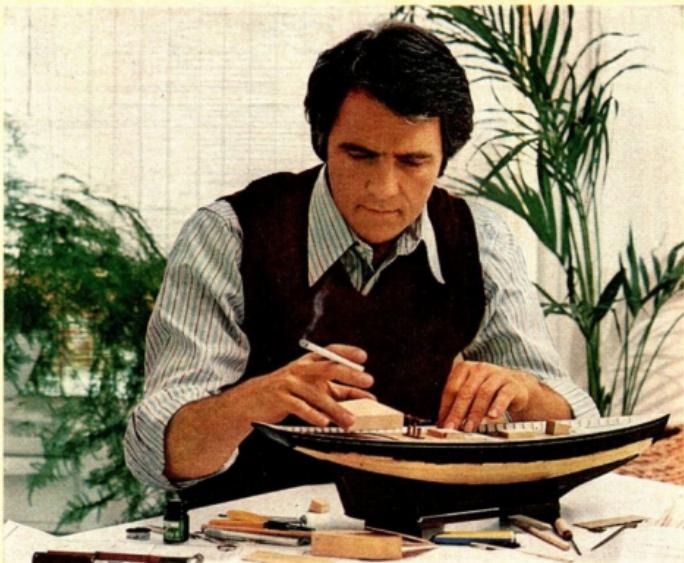
SOVIET TROOPS IN POSITION



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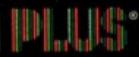


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TIZIO—SYMA

WAR GAMES OF EAST & WEST: SOVIET TANK NEAR PRAGUE (ABOVE LEFT); U.S. MARINES HIT ITALIAN SHORE; SOVIET CARRIER KIEV PATROLS THE MEDITERRANEAN (LEFT); BRITAIN'S H.M.S. HERMES IN NORTH ATLANTIC



Western strategists cannot afford to rule out the possibility of a sudden change in Moscow's policy. In case of a sudden military threat, NATO could not mount a credible deterrent—at present force levels and with the present economic and political weaknesses of many Western governments. In terms of numbers, the alliance today is outmanned, outgunned, out-tanked and out-planned. This is primarily the result of the massive buildup of Soviet armed forces that began ten years ago and has yet to slacken (TIME, March 8). A top NATO official points out that the U.S.S.R. now turns out a new submarine every five weeks and 800 warplanes a year. This year alone, it added 2,000 new tanks to its arsenal, while America's tank force grew at only about one-fifth that figure. This arms imbalance is especially dangerous in NATO's north-central region, stretching from the Baltic to the Alps, where numerous areas of excellent tank terrain offer an inviting route of march from the Elbe to the Rhine or over the English Channel.

While NATO, with about twice the industrial and 1½ times the manpower base of the Warsaw Pact, maintains an undeniable advantage in its ability to slug through a lengthy war, its only substantial quantitative edge in combat-ready power in Europe is its 2-to-1 su-



periority in tactical nuclear weapons. Its 7,000 atomic warheads, kept in Europe by the U.S., are theoretically to be delivered against relatively limited targets like supply depots or massing tanks. In practice, however, the U.S. would have to hesitate before crossing even a tactical nuclear threshold, for that could be the first step toward triggering a global atomic exchange. If Warsaw Pact troops were to push into and occupy West German urban areas, NATO would face the agonizing prospect of unleashing a tactical atomic barrage against the cities and towns of its own member.

To reduce this uneasy dependence on nuclear weapons, NATO's members*

adopted in 1967 a strategy of "flexible response." This doctrine calls for NATO first to employ conventional forces against an invader. But if peace negotiations should fail or it appears that West Germany will be overrun, the American President would authorize the use of tactical and then perhaps strategic atomic arms.

This strategy has made sense to NATO, even though the alliance is so

*NATO consists of the U.S., Canada, Britain, Belgium, The Netherlands, Luxembourg, Iceland, Norway, Denmark, West Germany, Turkey, Italy and Portugal. France and Greece have withdrawn from the military command, but are still members of the political alliance. The Warsaw Pact is made up of the Soviet Union, East Germany, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Rumania, Bulgaria and Poland.

THE WORLD

heavily outgunned on the battlefield. For one thing, NATO would be on the defensive, thus requiring significantly fewer troops than an attacker. NATO also benefits from advanced technology. Comparison of NATO and Warsaw Pact tanks serves as a good example of NATO's superior equipment: although the mammoth Soviet T-62 is heavier than its Western rivals—the U.S.'s M-60, Britain's Chieftain and West Germany's Leopard—it is less accurate, slower, and

sports a vulnerably exposed rear fuel tank. The West also leads in developing precision-guided munitions (the so-called smart weapons) like the infantry- or helicopter-fired TOW tank killer. Still, very few of these are presently deployed on the front line of defense. NATO officers need not worry as much as their Russian counterparts about the loyalty of their units. Speculates a senior U.S. officer in West Germany: "If you were a Soviet general, would you feel comfort-

able about Polish, Czech, Hungarian—or even Rumanian—troops?" (However, pacifism and far-left loyalties in several Western European countries are also a concern.)

Despite such NATO advantages, the flexible response strategy has become less attractive as Soviet forces have increased to a level where they may be able to spring an attack without giving much warning. NATO is poorly prepared for the kind of short, ferocious rocket,

A Troubled Watch on the Rhine

The very names evoke heroic themes. The British Army of the Rhine, guardian of the North German Plain. The Royal Navy, charged with sealing off the North Atlantic. But where in 1941 there was the mighty H.M.S. *Ark Royal*, there is now H.M.S. *Tiger*, an antiquated hybrid frigate, and only a river of *esprit* is holding together the Army of the Rhine. Because of their strategic positioning, today's British forces serve as one of the most important links in the NATO chain of defense. But the enduring strength of this link is now in doubt.

One immediate threat to it is the minibudget that Prime Minister James Callaghan's government will soon present to Parliament. It is expected that defense spending will be slashed as part of the further harsh austerity London will have to impose on itself to qualify for a \$3.9 billion international loan.

Any new defense cuts would come on top of two decades of scrimping. In that time British force levels have fallen 57%. Much of this cutback reflects the disappearance of the globe-girding empire—and the vanished responsibilities for defending it. The garrisons are gone from Singapore, Rangoon, Calcutta, Nairobi, Cairo. The naval bases are closed in the West Indies and the Indian Ocean. The Royal Air Force's

fighters and bombers have left such strategic spots as Cyprus and Gan. Yet it is even difficult for the British today to pursue the modest post-imperial strategy of concentrating their shrinking defense resources on NATO.

No branch of the armed services has been squeezed more than that onetime favorite—the Royal Navy. In recent years, for instance, the admirals have been forced to forgo many of their plans for destroyers and frigates. Although assigned one of the most critical responsibilities in NATO—helping the U.S. prevent the Soviet submarine fleet from getting out of its Kola Peninsula bases and into the Atlantic—the Royal Navy's antisubmarine surveillance force consists of four aging ships and a total of 28 helicopters.

After being taken aboard the *Tiger* at sea by helicopter, TIME Correspondent Christopher Byron reported: "She is old and creaking. Her keel was laid in 1941, but bureaucratic squabbling and constant fiddling with design delayed commissioning until 1959. As a result, the forward half of *Tiger* vaguely resembles a cruiser while the aft section, where the helicopters are stored, looks like an enormous warehouse. The *Tiger*'s crew calls her a 'mutant frigate towing a garage.' It is all too apparent that the constant rejiggering of roles with an ever

diminishing number of ships has strained the Royal Navy to the limits of its operational capabilities."

The army, which so far has not suffered as much budget cutting as the navy, technically has been able to maintain the strength of the British Army of the Rhine (BAOR) at about 55,000 men. Actually, however, 4,000 of these troops are always on peace-keeping duty in Ulster, a grim role that has the one advantage of making them the most battle-tested force in NATO. The BAOR suffers from a shortage of advanced reconnaissance vehicles, helicopters and guided antitank missiles—all of which would be essential in blunting a Soviet armored thrust. The Royal Air Force, meanwhile, lacks adequate numbers of antisubmarine patrol planes and will be short of advanced fighter-bombers until the end of the decade, when it begins taking delivery of the first of 385 MRCA aircraft, a multipurpose warplane developed jointly by the British, West Germans and Italians.

One of the British forces' true assets is its high morale. After observing the BAOR's "Spearpoint" maneuvers in Germany, TIME's Byron reported: "The British soldier possesses an irrepressible *esprit de corps*. The defense cutbacks have toughened his resolve as he has grown accustomed to running things on a shoestring. He is probably the world's best scrounger and cannibalizer of military equipment. At the R.A.F. base in Brüggen, West Germany, I saw an enlisted man who is so adept at repairing damaged aircraft that he was able to refashion a perfect fuselage section for a Harrier fighter jet by using his bare hands and nonelectrical tools. And because they are short of equipment, the British feel they cannot stint on training. One result: the R.A.F. wins nearly every NATO tactical competition."

There is a limit, however, to how long an army can march on high spirits or make a virtue of poverty. Observes one Pentagon official: "The British are now down to cutting into muscle." If the minibudget requires substantive defense cuts, the first muscle to go may be about 5,000 men from the Army of the Rhine. London will apparently try to keep the Royal Navy's Atlantic patrols at current levels.

BRITISH ARMOR MAKES TRACKS THROUGH WEST GERMANY DURING "SPEARPOINT" MANEUVERS



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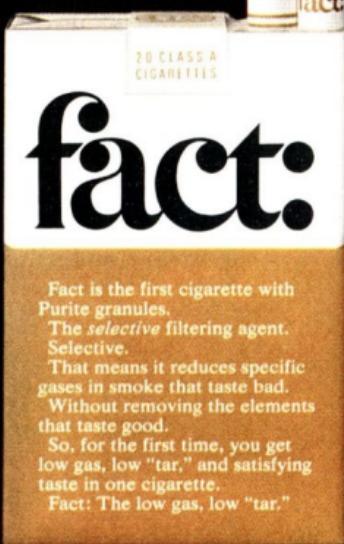
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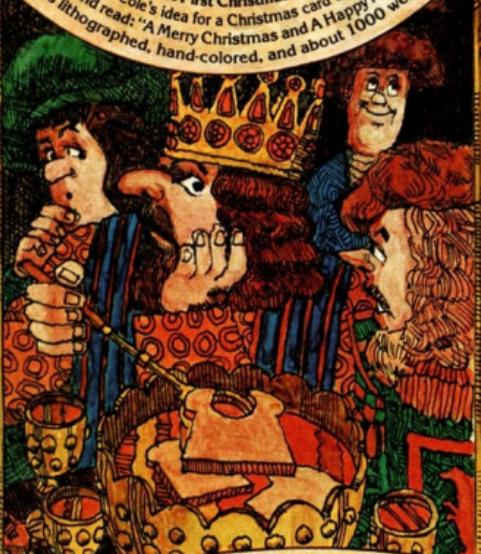
Regular, 14 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine, Menthol,
13 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, by FTC method.

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Seagram's V.O. presents eight

In 1843, Sir Henry Cole's idea for a Christmas card was designed by artist John Horsley and read: "A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year To You." It was lithographed, hand-colored, and about 1000 were sold.

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When you make a toast, you are joining the tradition of the Wassail Bowl, served in English households as a convivial drink at Christmas time. Floating in it were pieces of toast. Hence, "toasting," a formal affirmation of friendship. In the same way today, we affirm friendships by taking up a glass.

In the 1650's German Pilgrims brought their Tannenbaum (Christmas tree) tradition to the new land, long before the practice took root in England.

St. Nick's Day, Dec. 6:
Bishop Nicholas was imprisoned for his faith, and later sainted for working miracles. His day was blended with Christmas and the myth of Santa Claus.

Gluck, The Preserver:
In 1914 John D. Gluck formed the Association to Preserve Children's Faith in Santa Claus. They answered letters to Santa, and occasionally sent presents.

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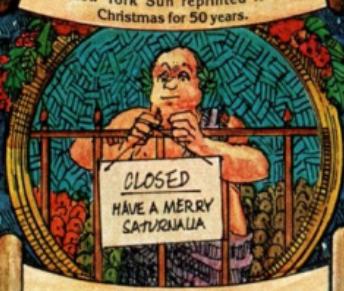
And one new one.



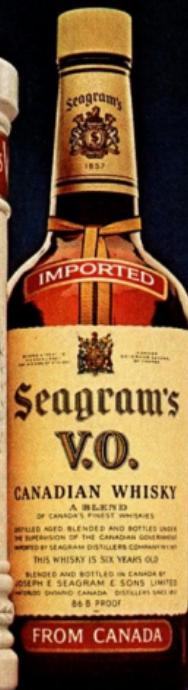
"Silent Night":
Christmas Eve, and the church organ was
broken. So Austria's Father Mohr, with
guitarist Franz Gruber, wrote "Silent
Night" for Midnight Mass.



Yes, Virginia, There is a...
Editor Francis Church's letter in 1897 to
8 year old Virginia became a classic when
the New York Sun reprinted it every
Christmas for 50 years.

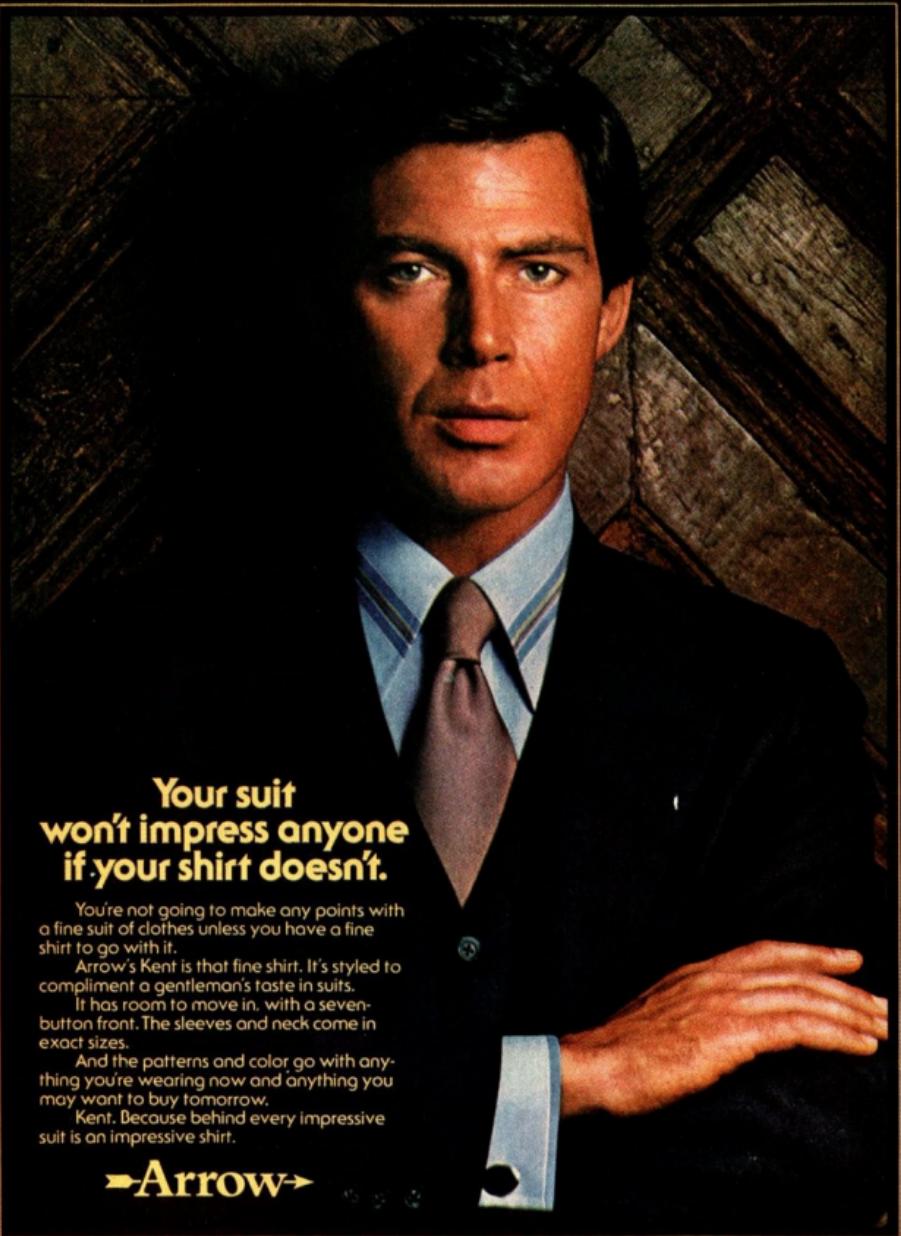


Merry Saturnalia:
Before the birth of Christ there was a
December celebration called "Saturna-
lia." It paid tribute to...you guessed it...
the god Saturn.



The Seagram's V.O. Gift Classic:

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THE WORLD

tank and artillery blitz that Moscow could launch. Indeed, the Soviets would launch no other kind, for their 75%-to-25% ratio of combat troops to support troops (the U.S. puts 50% in logistics and support) is predicated on a fast-moving front. In a discomfiting break from tradition, Moscow is now training its air force to support advancing ground units. The SU-19 Fencer, recently deployed in East Germany, is the first Soviet fighterbomber designed specifically to engage ground targets. Thus, before Washington even has time to decide whether or not to use tactical nuclear weapons, the Soviet Army and its allies might be deep into West Germany, at the Gorizia and Thrace gaps in south-east Europe and into Norway.

What can NATO do to enhance its capabilities? Among the suggestions:

WEAPON COMPATIBILITY. NATO may be wasting as much as 30% of its effectiveness through duplication. It deploys, for instance, 31 different antitank missiles, six types of recoilless rifles and 41 varieties of naval guns. Within the Warsaw Pact, standardization is achieved because Moscow designs and produces nearly all of the weaponry. NATO's multiplicity of arms makes battlefield resupply a logistician's nightmare and vastly complicates coordinated combat. During NATO exercises last year, a number of the alliance's planes were "shot down" by friendly forces because the radars of one nation's aircraft could not communicate with another's.

At this week's conference, U.S. Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld will argue strongly for increased standardization of the alliance's weapons. All present are certain to applaud him enthusiastically. But it is just as certain that any significant progress toward compatible weapons will be slow. The reason: each country prefers to keep its own scientists and production workers employed on technologically advanced programs. Even so, there have been some

encouraging steps. Among them: a new rocket mine-laying system that will use a U.S. mine and a West German rocket, the U.S. purchase of the Belgian MG-38 machine gun, the interchangeable key components of the new U.S. XM-1 tank and the West German Leopard II tank.

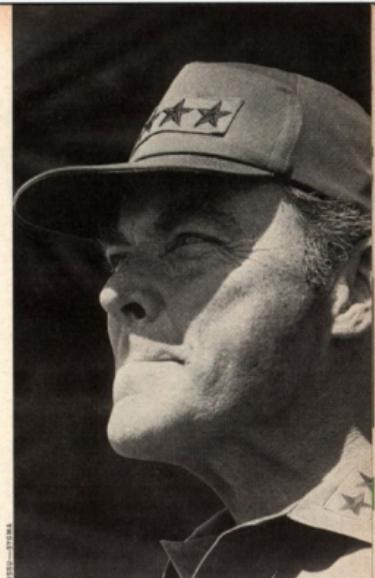
REDEPLOYMENT. U.S., British and West German units would be in better positions closer to the front. Large units of the American forces that are now concentrated in southern Germany could be shifted to reinforce the British Army of the Rhine in the more vulnerable north. But any troop shift must overcome formidable civilian obstacles, ranging from lengthy litigation to buy land to the outraged cries of conservationists. The U.S. is soon to assign a 3,800-man brigade to the Bremerhaven area; the negotiations for the base's lease took two years.

FIREPOWER. NATO needs more artillery, tanks and battlefield missiles. At a minimum, the U.S. should replenish the reserves of armored personnel carriers, howitzers, antitank missiles and tanks that were shipped from Europe to Viet Nam or Israel. Confesses Haig: "For a long period of time, we were sneaking supplies out of Europe." Allied arms depots should be better dispersed to make them less vulnerable to enemy attack. Most U.S. supplies are stored within 30 miles of West Germany's Kaiserslautern.

MOBILIZATION. The alliance's response time must be shortened. Says a Washington weapons analyst: "It's not just a question of Al Haig pushing a button. The Danish parliament never gets a four-fifths majority on anything, but that is what is needed to move its Jutland divisions into proper positions in the south. In some cases the ammunition for units is five to six hours away."

Any such bolstering of NATO will not come cheap. To take a 1,200-man U.S. battalion out of its World War II-vintage barracks and billet it closer to the front costs about \$35 million. Hundreds

WRIGHT—MIAMI NEWS



NATO COMMANDING GENERAL HAIG
Outmanned, outgunned, out-tanked.

of millions of dollars more would be needed to increase combat-ready manpower. But the trend in the past decade has been for nearly all NATO states to cut back their defense outlays. With the economic outlook for Western Europe remaining murky, it is unlikely that the leaders of many NATO states are going to find 1977 an expedient year to hike defense spending. Beleaguered Britain (*see box*) is almost certainly going to be forced to slash its military budget. An important improvement in NATO's position would follow from Western Europe's economic revival, social accord and recovery of confidence. In purely military terms, NATO has sought for the past three years in its negotiations with the Warsaw Pact in Vienna to reduce forces along the East-West front according to a formula that would eventually result in parity. Moscow has shown no willingness to forgo its increasing numerical superiority. If this superiority persists and is plainly perceived by West Europeans, the real danger the West faces is not so much an invasion by the pact but political intimidation by the Soviets. As Western capitals conclude that NATO could not thwart an invasion, West European leaders will be increasingly reluctant to press policies that would antagonize the Kremlin. Warns a top NATO diplomat: "The Soviet Army in Central Europe is a hammer hanging over democratic Western Europe. The larger the hammer gets, the more attention the Europeans have to pay to it. They don't necessarily have to be hit over the head with it."



ITALY

Andreotti: Rebus Sic Stantibus

"I am not a Little Red Riding Hood who looks only at the nightcap and thinks that it's her grandmother," says Italy's urbane Premier Giulio Andreotti. "But at the same time, I am not so reckless as to throw oil on the fire and ruin everything." Metaphorical mixture aside, such political caution and practicality explain how Christian Democrat Andreotti, 57, has managed for the past four months to keep a weak one-party government in power, primarily propped up by the "benevolent abstention" in Parliament of a strong Communist Party.

Communist cooperation in the parliamentary process is a disturbing new anomaly for Western European democracies, and few Italians are pleased by the development. Many Communist rank and filers resent what amounts to their party's support on key votes for the Christian Democrats. Andreotti's critics, meanwhile, charge that by accepting Communist "non-opposition," the Premier is providing the Communists with an opportunity to enter the government eventually. Andreotti has qualms about accepting support from the left under these circumstances, but, he says, "in order to come out of our economic crisis, it would be foolish not to utilize the parliamentary nonbelligerence of any political group that believes this government the only one possible." He adds, "In politics there is a clause that is always valid: *rebus sic stantibus* [circumstances being what they are]."

Delicate Truce. For the short term, Andreotti needs the Communists, reported TIME's Rome bureau chief Jordan Bonfante last week, and the Premier is convinced that for the moment at least, they intend to act responsibly and without their usual revolutionary deviousness. But Andreotti is limiting the relationship to parliamentary cooperation; he has turned down a suggestion by Communist Leader Enrico Berlinguer for a round table of major parties to draw up economic policy. In the longer term, the Premier believes Euro-Communists should be encouraged to follow democratic procedures not so much within national governments but in the emerging, popularly elected European Parliament, which would be a less critical ground on which to demonstrate their conversion.

The delicate truce with his principal opposition has enabled Andreotti, a seasoned politician who has three times been Premier and was a minister in 16 governments, to crank out an intensive program of austerity measures—including stiffer tariffs, higher government-controlled prices, and proposed wage restraints—aimed at curing the sickest partner in the European Common Market. Italy's current inflation rate is 18%,



ANDREOTTI IN PREMIER'S OFFICE
No oil near the fire.

its internal deficit is estimated at \$20 billion, and its foreign trade deficit has doubled in only a year, to \$4.4 billion. So weak is the lira that it has to be supported by a 7% surtax on foreign exchange purchases. Italy's accumulated foreign debt of \$17 billion has all but exhausted her credit: the International Monetary Fund has held up since March a \$530 million loan request.

To hasten the IMF's decision and to seek still more assistance from the U.S., Andreotti is due in Washington this week for meetings with President Ford and Secretary of State Kissinger. The Italian leader also hopes to talk to Jimmy Carter—or at least the President-elect's transition team—particularly since during the campaign Carter specifically viewed Communists in Western European governments as a concern but not a catastrophe and indicated interest in opening avenues of communication with them as President.

Before leaving Rome, Andreotti discussed his concerns in an interview with Bonfante. While admitting that the economic crisis was severe, the Premier was faintly optimistic. "Some of the capital

that fled abroad has returned, and there is a much greater awareness than there was a year ago that we have to face up to the crisis. The balance of payments used to be regarded as a problem for technicians. Today people understand that it bears on the price of meat at the butcher in the morning."

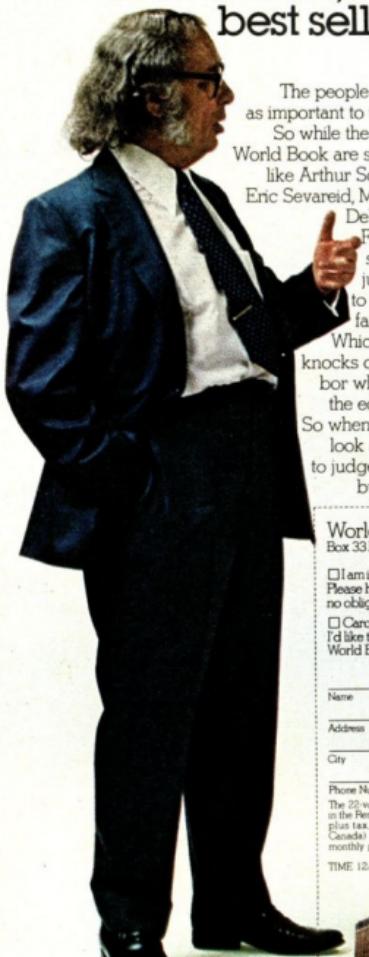
Asked Bonfante: "It has been calculated that Italy spends 120% of its income. Why don't Italians work and produce more?" Replying Andreotti: "There is a decided commitment under way to recover output and productivity. In fact we've been able to abolish seven holidays, which would have been unthinkable in other times."

While Andreotti has no illusion about the Communists' ultimate thrust for absolute power, he also realizes that they do not want Italy's capitalist structure to collapse completely. Said the Premier: "If the Communist Party does not aim at revolution and dictatorship, it is only natural that it should support the recovery plan. The Communists know full well that if the lira plunges to the bottom, it would mean entering a risky area... It seems to me that this sense of collective responsibility cannot be misinterpreted as the historic compromise, as some would have it."

Creative Art. Is this not a situation almost inevitably leading to Communists entry into the government? Andreotti does not believe Italy's present governing formula makes that "either easier or more difficult." As for the future, the entire political reality may change, he says: "Politics is also a creative art. Works of art are not programmed." The Communist question, moreover, has a "European dimension." If the Communists were to join the broad democratic left of the European Parliament after that body's first popular election in 1978, Andreotti says, this could create a "berthing place" for their professed democratic pledges. Alongside Western European socialists and social democrats, the Communists would be smaller fish in a bigger pond where it would be safer to test their "untried propositions that are quite new in the history of Communism and have never been successfully realized in the past." For the moment, Andreotti judges, it is a mistake "to take for granted a transformation process that is barely hinted at," yet also wrong to dismiss it out of hand "in hopes of preventing a lacerating collision."

Andreotti indicates that it would be unseemly for the U.S. to seek any kind of relations with Berlinguer and his new look Communist Party. Such interference would work against Italy's delicate political balance. The view he brings to Washington is that of the man who wants no oil near his fire: "The relations must be between government. Any involvement in our internal political questions—such as 'pressure for the center left' or 'support for the right'—or of any other sort, would be erroneous and counterproductive."

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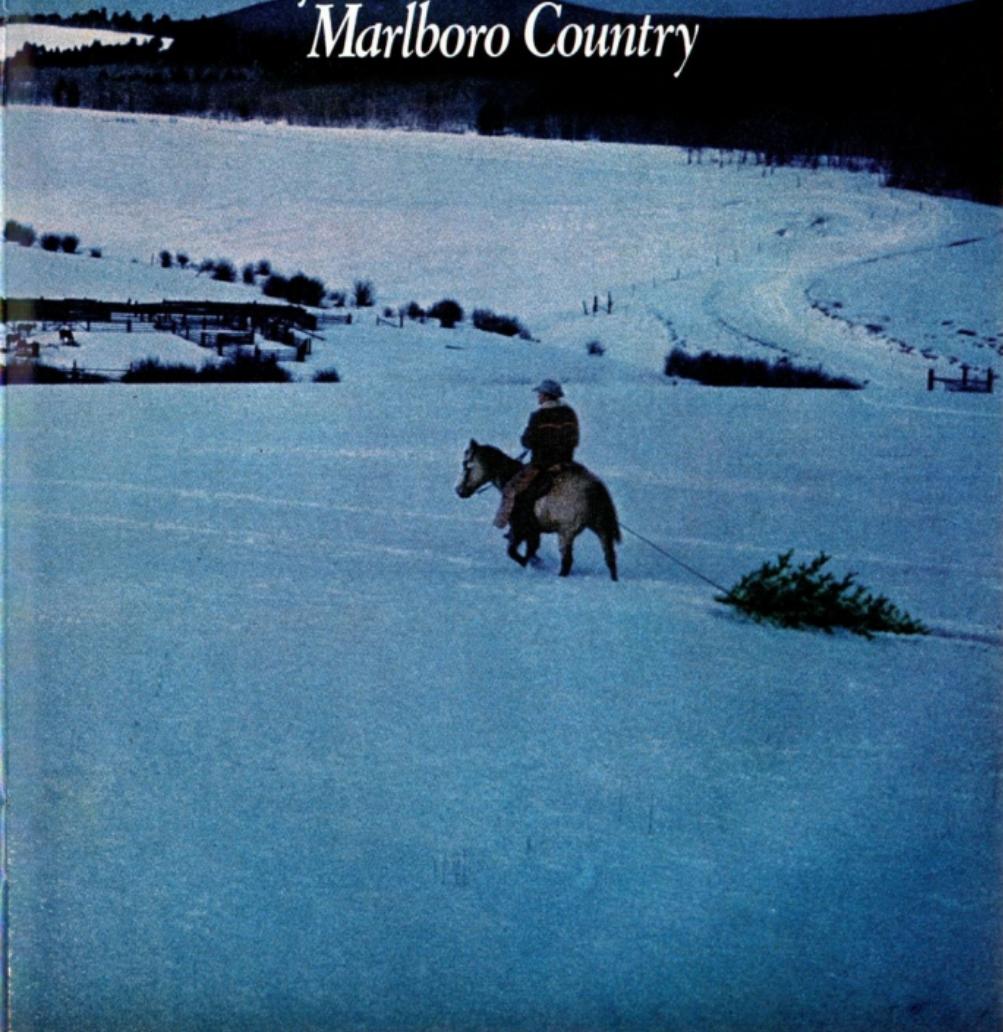
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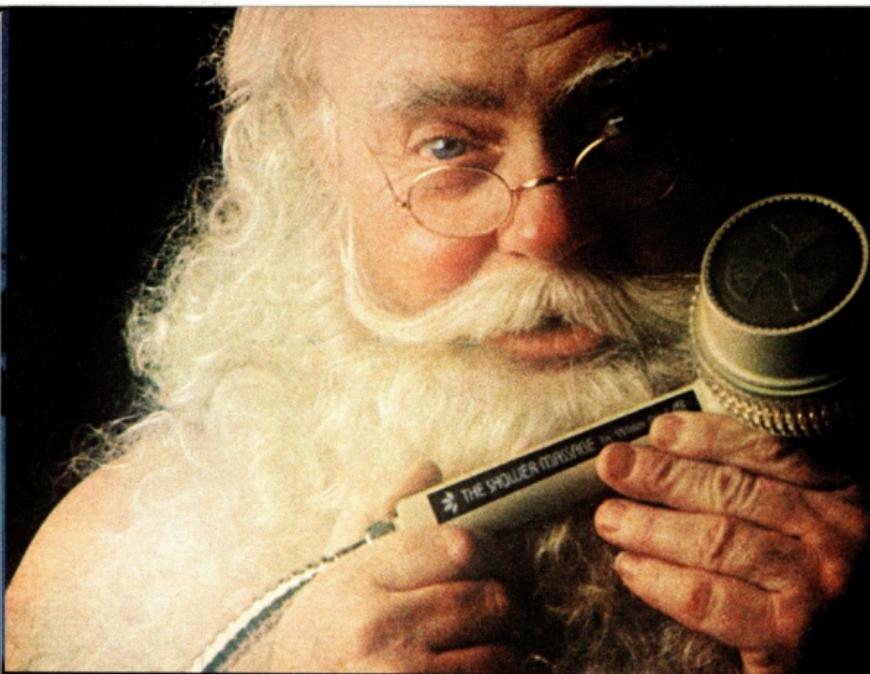


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WILLIAMS, McKEOWN & CORRIGAN LEAD TORCHLIGHT PARADE AFTER OSLO AWARD

NORTHERN IRELAND

A People's Peace Prize

On a clear, cold night last week, the twin-towered red brick façade of Oslo's city hall flickered in the glow of torches borne by thousands of demonstrators. Inside, an audience of more than 1,000 jammed the auditorium. To a standing ovation, Betty Williams, 33, and Mairead Corrigan, 32, co-founders of the Ulster Peace Movement (TIME, Sept. 6) arrived to accept the Norwegian People's Peace Prize.

The award, sponsored by Norwegian newspapers and civic groups as a grass-roots parallel to this year's Nobel Peace Prize,* drew an outpouring of \$324,000 in donations from Norway and around the world. Her voice trembling, Williams announced that the money would go to a children's center in Belfast's gutted slums. "When I look at sound and happy Norwegian children," she told the audience, "I think of the boys and girls of Northern Ireland, children used to war, to nerve medicine and sleeping pills, and I ask: 'God, forgive us for what we have done.'" Speaking at times in broken Norwegian, Ciaran McKeown, 32, the former newsman who has emerged as the peace movement's chief adviser, added: "You help us pay the price for peace and together we'll win."

Nearly four months after it was launched—in response to the death of three children crushed by the runaway car of an IRA militant shot through the heart by a British soldier—the peace movement has grown into a potentially

powerful political force. Braving death threats, verbal abuse, and occasional violence from extremists, tens of thousands of Ulster Protestants and Roman Catholics have joined weekly marches and rallies calling for an end to the bloodshed. More significant, the movement is sprouting organizational roots. Enjoying broad support from Ulster's churches and with a flourishing magazine, financial backing and 100 activist groups, it has been felt in virtually every community in the province. The movement's Belfast office is papered with letters and telegrams of support. "We are not here to provide the climate for a new political initiative," McKeown told 10,500 backers in London's Trafalgar Square last week. "We are the political initiative."

Blood Brothers. Such a prospect stirs suspicions and concern among Ulster's traditional politicians—both Protestant and Catholic. Their worry: McKeown's vision of an "ideal democracy" organized "from the bottom up" could clash with what essentially will have to be a political and constitutional solution. Some also fear a crippling backlash of cynicism should the peace movement, like others before it, falter after a headline-grabbing series of rallies. "I have no great faith in it," says a leading Catholic politician. "The people of Ulster are not all blood brothers, as the movement says. They are still killing one another." True enough: since the start of September, 63 people have died in 170 bombings and 440 shootings, roughly "normal" rate of violence.

At week's end the movement staged the last in a series of symbolic rallies—a climactic gathering on the banks of the river Boyne in Eire. There, in 1690, William of Orange defeated the Cath-

olic King James, assuring Protestant dominion over Ulster. If Williams, Corrigan and McKeown could find ways to ease Ulster's three centuries of communal hatred, they may be back in Oslo again next year—to receive the Nobel Peace Prize itself.

But meanwhile, as Yeats had it, "peace comes dropping slow." Last week gunmen wounded four men outside a Catholic church in Belfast.

MIDDLE EAST

The Unpacified South

Israel's most secure border—the one facing Lebanon—has unexpectedly become its most volatile. While the rest of civil-war-torn Lebanon was quiet last week, intermittent mortar fire continued in the south between the Moslem town of Bint Jebail and the Christian settlement of Ain Ebel. Palestinian Leader Yasser Arafat, meanwhile, insisted that his forces were free to regroup in that area (*see following story*). Israel so opposes this, as well as the idea of having Syrian soldiers on a second Israeli border—even as Arab peace keepers—that the Jerusalem government convened its "war cabinet," deployed armor on the boundary, and threatened to invade Syria by sending tank forces rolling off the Golan Heights to Damascus if the Syrians either moved troops into southern Lebanon or introduced surface-to-air missiles anywhere in Lebanon.

Such maneuvers and threats are partly genuine concern molded by experience, but they are also partly brinkmanship. The Syrians are now in no position to force a confrontation with Israel; they are too involved in Lebanon. Syrian units have moved no nearer the border than Zahrani, 30 miles to the north, near Sidon, to protect the oil refinery there, which has now resumed operation. Last week, Damascus quietly renewed the Golan Heights peace agreement with Israel for another six months.

The Palestinian posture is potentially more dangerous. Israel intends never to allow guerrillas in southern Lebanon again. From there the Palestinians mounted their raids across the border and fired rockets into Israeli settlements. To forestall threats of repeat attacks, the Israelis took advantage of the war in Lebanon to establish a strong anti-Palestinian force of Christians and Shiite Moslems in the border area, supported by Israeli patrols.

For the moment, any possibility of confrontation has been foreclosed by Lebanese President Elias Sarkis, who has reportedly proposed to keep peace in the south with non-Syrian contingents of the Arab peace-keeping force—Saudi Arabia, the Sudan and the United Arab Emirates—along with Lebanese Christian and Shiite volunteers. That solution seems to have mollified all concerned—except the Palestinians.

*For which no acceptable candidate was found by the February deadline—six months before Ulster's peace movement began.

Reality and a Right to Dream

Palestinian Leader Yasser Arafat last week broke a long silence by giving TIME's Wilton Wynn and Abu Said Abu Rish his first exclusive interview since September 1975. The scene was his secret, map-lined "operations room" on the outskirts of Beirut, his mood one of amiability and drive, even though he was noticeably fatigued from a long day of hospital and cemetery visits. Surprisingly, Arafat insisted that the war in Lebanon had left his Palestine Liberation Organization stronger than before. He indicated for the first time

happened and is still happening in south Lebanon, where at least seven villages are occupied by isolation forces supported by Israel. This is a threat to our forces, who must be situated in the south under the Cairo agreement. It is also a threat to the Syrian peace-keeping forces, which are being told not to cross a "red line" that seems to be movable.

Q. Was the P.L.O. weakened by the Lebanese war?

A. The war did keep us preoccupied for a long time. But instead of being weakened, we gained valuable military experience. Politically, you can see that we are stronger by noting the recent United Nations vote calling for the establishment of a Palestinian state. Ninety nations voted for it. Remember, those states don't cast their votes out of mere sympathy.

We also showed our strength at recent Arab summits [Riyadh and Cairo], whose resolutions not only reaffirmed that the P.L.O. was the legitimate representative of the Palestinian people, but developed that idea by emphasizing the right of the Palestinian people to establish an independent state in their homeland. These are major victories.

Q. In the past you called for a united Palestine where Arabs and Jews would live together. Has this view changed?

A. We are prepared to establish an independent regime in any territory that we liberate or from which Israel withdraws. We have some reservations about the recent U.N. resolution, but we still consider it a victory for our cause. Remember, the resolution was introduced by a 20-state committee and not by the P.L.O. This is important.

Q. Does this mean you will accept a West Bank-Gaza state if it is offered?

A. I follow the resolutions [passed in 1974] of our Palestine National Council, which state that we will establish a national authority on any part of Palestine liberated from Israel or which Israel will evacuate. This is clear.

Q. President Sadat of Egypt has launched a peace offensive aimed at a negotiated settlement with Israel. To what extent will you cooperate?

A. We will cooperate with all our Arab brothers and all our allies. But the degree of support given us by our allies is not identical. We accept from each one



PALESTINIAN LEADER ARAFAT
Where is the invitation?

that the P.L.O. was prepared to accept statehood alongside Israel, at least temporarily, in lieu of a larger state including all of what was Palestine, but protested that Palestinians were being shut out of Middle East peace negotiations and denied contacts with the American people. The interview:

Q. What does the Israeli buildup on Lebanon's southern frontier mean?

A. I believe that what has happened in Lebanon was partly initiated by the Israelis. This is clear from Israeli pronouncements and the supplies and support they have given to the isolationists [a derisive Moslem term for Lebanese Christian rightists]. The military concentration is an extension of what has

the degree of support he gives our cause. Naturally, we cannot oblige others to support us exactly according to our wishes and thoughts.

Q. Sadat predicts a 1977 Geneva Conference to reach an Arab-Israel settlement. Will the P.L.O. attend?

A. Where is the invitation? [Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak] Rabin is still saying he is not ready to think of Geneva if the Palestinians participate. But this is not a question of an Arafat state but of a Palestinian state. We are an important element in this area. Nobody can ignore this if he is looking for a solution.

Q. Christians and Moslems who have lived together killed each other in the Lebanese war. Do you still believe Arabs and Jews can live peacefully together in Palestine?

A. We Palestinians don't have such complexes. Our leadership includes both Christians and Moslems. During the civil war, the isolationists attacked Christian Palestinian refugee camps, just as they attacked Moslem Palestinian camps. In Israel, many Palestinian Christians are in prison. But as I have mentioned often before, a unified Palestine is my dream—and I have the right to dream.

Q. What about improving relations between the P.L.O. and the U.S.?

A. We had hoped to establish a P.L.O. office in Washington, but our representative, Sabri Jiryis, was kicked out of your country on a technicality. This pained us. We tried but your reply was to kick out our representative.

Q. The U.S. recently supported a U.N. resolution condemning Israeli behavior in occupied territories. Doesn't this indicate a change in American policy?

A. I am desperate. I am sorry to say, regarding U.S. policy. Until now the U.S. was only on the side of Israeli aggression. Now things depend on Carter. It's up to him to decide whether he will continue this policy against our displaced people. I hope Carter will have some understanding of our people and our cause. But I don't know whether the Palestinian people should bet on this.

Q. Are you prepared to give up your arms in Lebanon?

A. We are prepared to discuss this with the four-party high committee set up by the Riyadh conference: Egypt, Saudi Arabia, Kuwait and Syria.

"Jiryis' visa was not renewed because his application falsely indicated that he had been born in the Sudan, whose passport he carries. The State Department says, however, that from a foreign policy standpoint, we do not believe it a propitious moment for the P.L.O. to establish an office in Washington."



U.S. STEEL'S SPEER



ROLLED STEEL AT FORD STAMPING PLANT NEAR DETROIT



PRICE COUNCIL'S LILLEY

ECONOMY & BUSINESS

POLICY

Carterphobia Looms on the Price Front

Carterphobia replaced supply and demand as the most important factor determining the prices of goods last week. Fearing that the President-elect intends to impose wage-price guidelines after his Jan. 20 inauguration, several big companies raised prices—while the raising seemed good—on a broad range of basic materials that go into consumer goods from refrigerators to shirts. U.S. Steel, Bethlehem and Republic, three of the largest producers, joined six other companies who earlier had imposed a 6% increase on sheet and strip steel, used in automobiles and appliances. Alcoa and Reynolds followed with rises of as much as 11% on aluminum sheet used to make beverage cans. Du Pont said it would increase the price of its Dacron polyester fiber up to 10%.

The increases lengthened the shadow cast over the wavering recovery by the week's other economic news. The Labor Department reported that wholesale prices were up six-tenths of a percent in November, a sign that higher prices to the consumer were on the way. Unemployment in November also jumped three-tenths of a percent to 8.1%, which meant that the number of people without jobs rose from 7.6 million in October to 7.8 million last month—the highest total in a year. The rate is uncomfortably close to the recession peak of 8.9% of May 1975, and it gave Carter and his advisers all the more reason to call for fiscal stimulus to perk up the economy. As Carter's press secretary, Jody Powell, summed up after a four-hour session last week involving the

President-elect, his economic aides and several businessmen, "What had seemed to be bad, now seems to be worse."

There was a consensus at the meeting that stimulus should be in the form of a tax cut, with some increases in federal spending. But Carter and his aides agreed that there was not much the new Administration could do about the increases in steel prices. Carter expressed "concern" and sent messages to the heads of steel companies about the potential inflationary impact of their moves; Vice President-elect Walter Mondale publicly urged a rollback. Their words had no visible effect.

That left Carter with little choice. His advisers overwhelmingly agreed that the President-elect should try no further jawboning until Jan. 20. Carter at a late-week press conference contented himself with saying that he still considered "voluntary" wage-price guidelines a "good option." One recommendation from his advisers was that Carter should in effect subtract any price boosts that companies make now from what they would otherwise be allowed under any guidelines he proclaims next year. That might stop future increases, but would have no effect on the ones being posted now.

Late in the week President Ford's Council on Wage and Price Stability issued a 14-page report arguing that the steel increases were not justified by market demand. The rises, said COWPS Acting Director William Lilley III, were moves by steel men to "protect themselves against possible future wage and

price controls." Some executives did not altogether deny that they were jumping the inaugural gun. Said U.S. Steel Chairman Edgar Speer: "The political situation is always a consideration. Let's not kid ourselves." Why, then, had Speer told stockholders three weeks ago that there would be no price increases until 1977? Said the chairman blandly: "I miscalculated."

The market for steel is soft, because of the wavering state of the nation's recovery. The industry is operating at only 67% of capacity. Normally, prices in that kind of a market go down rather than up—and nearly all steelmakers have been forced to discount prices as much as 10% below list to keep supplies moving in the face of weaker demand. But higher list prices still would return more money to the producers, even after discounts. It is money that they claim they need because of higher costs brought about in part by new union contracts. National Steel Chairman George Stinson says costs of producing flat-rolled steel have gone up more than 6% since June 1. Profits on sheet and strip steel, he says, have yet to recover from the price controls in effect from 1971 to 1974.

The same sluggishness prevails in the man-made fiber industry, although sales of Dacron—one of many fibers produced by Du Pont—continue strong. Du Pont still is suffering because of downturns in clothing sales and the housing slump. Chairman Irving Shapiro has predicted lower fourth-quarter earnings for the chemical giant. The industry, he

ECONOMY & BUSINESS

says, has 30% more capacity than in 1973. Sales of aluminum are brisk, but a Reynolds official says that costs still are not being covered.

If the higher prices stick, a new round of inflation could begin filtering through the economy. But its ferocity could be tempered by generally weak demand. Car prices doubtless will be increased, but not until later next year; prices for the current lackluster model year already are up an average of \$300. The real fear is that of a self-fulfilling prophecy, a concern that worry over what the Carter Administration might

do could bring on a flurry of pre-emptive price hikes.

Carter himself took note of that at week's end and disavowed any thought of asking for outright price controls, even on a stand-by basis. Said the President-elect: "I believe that the constant threat of wage-price controls is sometimes a stimulation for unwarranted increases in wages and prices, and I want to remove that threat completely from business and labor." Yet, as COWPS Head Lilley warned the steel men, a flurry of price rises could lead to the controls "that business seeks to avoid."

including Arab sheiks and international bankers, have grown increasingly skeptical about its ability to pay its way. Thus, after Whitehall applied for a loan in September, the IMF decided it was time to impose stiff requirements as a condition for its investment.

A special IMF team was sent to London to study the situation and decide what the loan requirements should be. The team members, who lived in a hotel under false names, found anything but a country in the grip of austerity: one night they were turned away at two Soho restaurants because the tables were so crowded with customers. The IMF representatives at first wanted Britain to cut its deficit almost in half, to \$9.9 billion in two years, but later settled for the \$5.8 billion reduction. Yet, as TIME's Frank Melville learned, when Chancellor of the Exchequer Denis Healey presented the package to the rest of the Cabinet, he was confronted with a wall of angry opposition from the right and the left.

To satisfy his ministers, Callaghan agreed to speak personally with U.S. President Gerald Ford and West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt, whose countries will have to put up most of the money for the IMF loan. He spoke on the transatlantic telephone to Ford, and cornered Schmidt face to face at a European Community meeting in The Netherlands last week. Both men refused to budge on the conditions sought by the IMF. Some British Cabinet ministers were dazed at the news that Schmidt, a social democrat like the British Laborites, had been every bit as tough as Republican Ford.

Financial Help. Callaghan did get one sweetener from Ford and Schmidt: they agreed to provide financial help in easing the problem of sterling balances, which weaken the pound's stability. Sterling balances are pound deposits held in British banks by foreigners that can be withdrawn on a moment's notice; they are often dumped on foreign exchange markets at the first sign of economic trouble. Callaghan, like many other Prime Ministers before him, wants to convert these volatile short-term deposits to long-term debts; precisely how this will be done and what kind of financial help the U.S. and West Germany will extend to accomplish it remain to be negotiated.

Despite that, Callaghan will have a tough job persuading British public opinion to buy his agreement. The main concern of his top aides is that the sharp cuts in public spending could reverse the willingness of British unions to negotiate a third stage of wage ceilings next year. For the past year and a half, union cooperation in holding down wages has been the foundation of Britain's anti-inflationary policy. That a Labor government should be forced to take that risk in order to satisfy foreign creditors is a true measure of how perilous Britain's situation has become.

BRITAIN

Swallowing a Bitter Tonic

Under immense pressure from the U.S. and West Germany, the British Labor government reluctantly agreed last week to adopt a punishing package of spending cuts and tax hikes in exchange for a critically needed \$3.9 billion loan from the International Monetary Fund. The agreement in principle, which will be announced within a week, was reached after a month of tense, sometimes stormy behind-the-scenes negotiations. The talks became so heated that at one point they threatened to provoke a full-scale British Cabinet revolt.

Essentially, Prime Minister James Callaghan agreed to take the politically explosive step of carving \$5.8 billion out of Britain's \$18 billion budget deficit over the next two years, largely by slashing government outlays. The Cabinet is considering draconian spending cuts, like a moratorium on all government construction. Ministers are further thinking about removing automatic cost-of-living increases from social se-

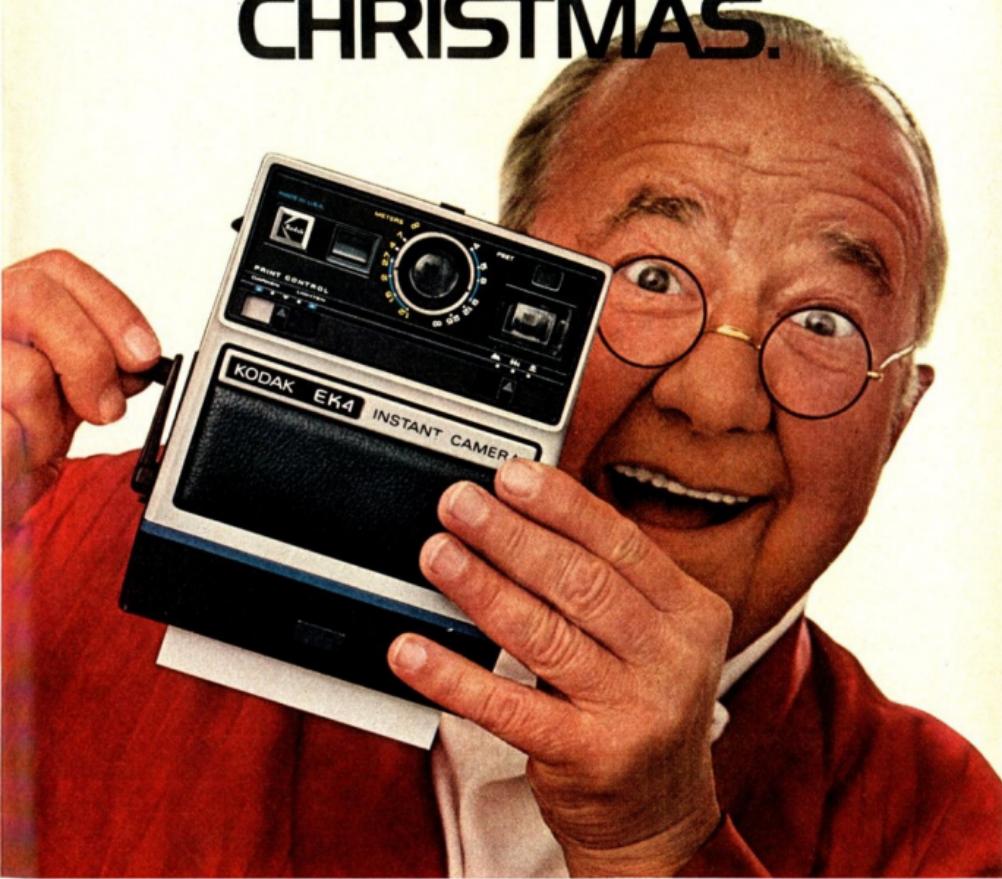
curity payments and civil service pensions, despite an inflation rate now running at almost 15%. Defense expenditures will be cut too (see THE WORLD), but not as sharply as social spending. Some British taxes will have to be raised. The levy most likely to be boosted is the value-added tax—a kind of super-comprehensive sales tax—which is already a substantial 8%.

Any attempt to cut back on Britain's social services will meet raucous opposition from left-wing Laborites in Parliament. But the leftists are not likely to gain enough support among opposing Liberals and Tories to have the spending cuts rejected. Britain does not have much choice. The pound has been in sharp decline through most of the year, dropping from \$2.03 in January to \$1.66 last week. Moreover, foreign debts are falling due. For example, about \$1.6 billion must be paid this month on an earlier loan from the Group of Ten (industrial nations). Britain's creditors,



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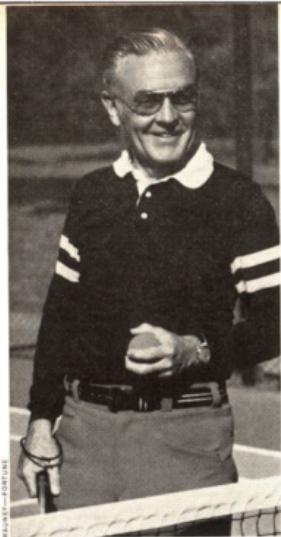
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R. HARPER BROWN IN HAPPIER DAYS

CRIME

Jail for Box Bosses?

About the last place one would expect to find the head of a giant business in jail. Nonetheless, there is a strong chance that R. Harper Brown, president of Container Corp. of America (1975 sales: \$953 million) will spend several weeks next year in Chicago's Metropolitan Correctional Facility. He was the most important of 47 executives from 22 companies who pleaded no contest to federal charges of fixing prices on folding-cardboard boxes between 1960 and 1974. Last week Federal Judge James Parsons sentenced Brown to 60 days in jail and fined him \$35,000; 14 other executives from nine companies drew sentences ranging from five to 45 days. The defendants have three weeks to plead for more lenient treatment. Even if they lose, some of them—although probably not Brown—will be eligible for "work-release" programs. That means they could report to their offices by day but would have to spend their nights locked up.

Officials of the Justice Department's antitrust division could not recall any other boss of so large a business who wound up in prison. But if Stanley Baker, head of the antitrust division, gets his way, Brown's case will be no fluke. Under Baker, a record 90 grand juries around the U.S. will probe charges of price fixing in various industries. Baker, as one of his assistants notes, sought the sentences against the carton executives "to drive home the point that price fixing is a serious crime." The clear implication: some other executives could join the box bosses behind bars.

INVESTMENT

Riding with Gaddafi

Three years ago, Libya's ascetic, rabidly anti-Western President Muammar Gaddafi flew into a rage about a mild satire of himself printed by the Turin daily *La Stampa*. He threatened to have Fiat, the Italian megacompany that owns *La Stampa*, put on the Arab boycott list unless it fired the paper's Jewish editor, Arrigo Levi. Fiat Chairman Giovanni Agnelli stood by Levi, and the matter was forgotten. Time and oil money, however, can change the political-economic balance of power, and last week Levi had a new story to print. Agnelli announced that he is taking on a new partner—of all people, Gaddafi.

It was a devastatingly ironic example of petropolitics. The Libyan Arab Foreign Bank will lend Fiat \$104 million and spend an additional \$311 million to buy newly issued Fiat stock and bonds. That will give the government of Libya—which was an Italian colony until the end of World War II—an immediate 10% ownership of Fiat, the world's fifth biggest automaker, and eventually perhaps 13%; the Agnelli family's controlling interest will shrink from 35% to 30%. Libyans will take two seats on Fiat's 15-man board of directors and one place on the five-man executive committee. That will be a blow to Italian pride, but the government in Rome, which must approve foreign investments, is likely to go along. Reason: the \$415 million that Libya is putting up will wipe out about a fourth of Italy's balance of payments deficit.

What made Fiat do it? Although it has published no 1976 figures, the company seems to be rebounding well from two barely break-even years (1975 profits: \$164,000 on sales of \$4.9 billion).

FIAT'S GIOVANNI AGNELLI



ECONOMY & BUSINESS

Still, says Agnelli, Fiat could use some more money, and Libya offered cash on attractive terms. In short, Agnelli, who insists that he has never met Gaddafi, presented the transaction as a straight business deal.

Yet the political connotations cannot be ignored. There is little doubt that Gaddafi, in approaching Fiat, relished the opportunity to buy a piece of international respectability and take a mild slap at Libya's former colonizer, all in one gesture. Should Gaddafi, an activist who is unlikely to be a silent partner, continue to make similar investments, radical Arabs—including terrorists whom Gaddafi finances—could have some power levers to pull. One example: Libya's archrival Egypt makes 12,000 Nasr autos a year under Fiat license; Gaddafi's Fiat connection gives him a new stick to shake at his neighbors to the east. And what about Editor Levi? Agnelli, who is still Fiat's—and Levi's—boss, said last week that he "would behave exactly the same way" if Levi and Gaddafi squared off again. But Gaddafi has a long memory—and 10% of Fiat.

AIRLINES

BIGGEST, BUT HARDLY BEST

The story was decidedly downplayed: ten lines on the back page of *Pravda*, under the innocuous headline ANNOUNCEMENT. But the news was dramatic: a TU-104 turbojet of Aeroflot, the Soviet state airline, crashed last week after taking off from Moscow's Sheremetevsky airport on a flight to Leningrad. Readers did not learn how many people died (Western estimates range from 52 to 72), nor were they told that it was the fifth major Aeroflot crash this year. Still, the announcement was rare confirmation that the world's largest, least-known airline is far from perfect.

Safety is not its only problem. This week the U.S. Government will clamp down on Aeroflot's freedom to sell tickets in the U.S. The reason: though Aeroflot has a reciprocal agreement with Pan American, Soviet officials have made it difficult if not impossible for their citizens to get Pan Am tickets for Moscow-New York flights. Adding to Aeroflot's embarrassments, its chiefs have had to announce that the Soviets' new supersonic jetliner, the 1,430-m.p.h. TU-144, will not begin passenger service this year as scheduled; Westerners doubt it will be flying even in 1977.

How bad is Aeroflot? It can hardly be judged by the standards of a Western airline. The state-owned enterprise is the main provider of civilian air transport in the U.S.S.R. It ferries food supplies to oilmen on offshore rigs, sprays crops in the Ukraine, and keeps an eye on volcanoes on the Kamchatka peninsula. Even in its conventional passenger service, Aeroflot, with airports in



AEROFLOT TU-104 TURBOJETS READY FOR BOARDING AT MOSCOW AIRPORT

Safety is not the only problem on the world's least-known line.

3,500 Soviet cities and towns and links to 70 foreign countries, from Peru to Benin, operates on a scale no other line can match. It carries more than twice as many passengers as United Air Lines, the largest U.S. carrier—roughly twice the number carried by all major Western European lines combined.

Sleepy Resignation. Handicapped by frequent foul weather over many of its domestic routes, Aeroflot provides needed transportation in a vast country where 70% of the roads are impassable during the spring thaw. Fares are cheap: only \$18.23 to fly the 400 or so miles from Moscow to Leningrad (comparable fare in the U.S.: New York-Cleveland, \$56). Travelers, however, are all too familiar with the price for Aeroflot's convenience: overbooking and canceled flights. Airports often resemble dormitories as hundreds of people slump in sleepy resignation, sometimes for days, without adequate dining facilities.

A local newspaper has complained that Moscow's Domodedovo airport—one of four in the Soviet capital—is a marvel of inefficiency where travelers are often greeted with the refrain, "No space, comrades. The aircraft aren't made of rubber, you know." Aeroflot stewardesses seem to be chosen for neither beauty nor efficiency. Refreshments are often limited to candy distributed before takeoff.

Most disturbing, Aeroflot's safety record has been bad enough to prompt the Soviet civil aviation ministry to complain three years ago of inadequate training and negligent checking of equipment. Since then there has been some improvement. Aeroflot pilots used to be notorious for wandering off the flight path at London's Heathrow Airport. Today they seldom do, perhaps because of Moscow's regular post-international-flight review of cockpit tapes recording pilot procedures.

Meanwhile, though, the dispute between Aeroflot and Pan Am threatens a disruption of U.S.-Soviet air travel. The prospective bonanza that the 1980 Moscow Olympics offer to both lines

would seem to dictate a compromise, but it will not be helped by an exchange of nationalistic incidents earlier this year. A few days after an Aeroflot official in Washington was arrested on a charge of drunken driving, a Pan Am employee in Moscow was accused by Soviet police of the same offense—even though he was cold sober. His case is still pending, presumably awaiting the outcome of the case against the Russian.

AUTOS

An A for Nostalgia

From the day it started rolling off the assembly line in 1927, the Ford Model A was a tremendous hit—a \$500 automobile with a dependable four-cylinder engine and what then seemed low-slung, sleek lines. Cars have changed more than a little in the succeeding half-century, but that has only enhanced the Model A's nostalgic allure; its wire wheels, arching mudguards and stubby

LAUMER WITH HIS FIRST MODEL A FORD BUILT IN HIS DADE CITY BARN PLANT



ECONOMY & BUSINESS

body give it the jaunty appeal of an old boulevardier. In fact, a restored Model A today sells for as much as \$17,500.

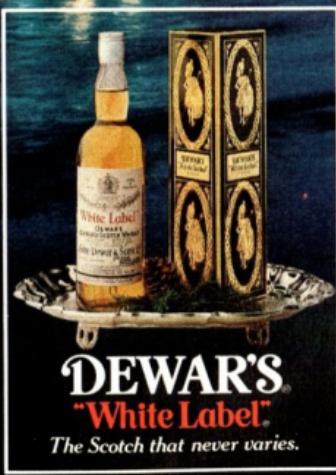
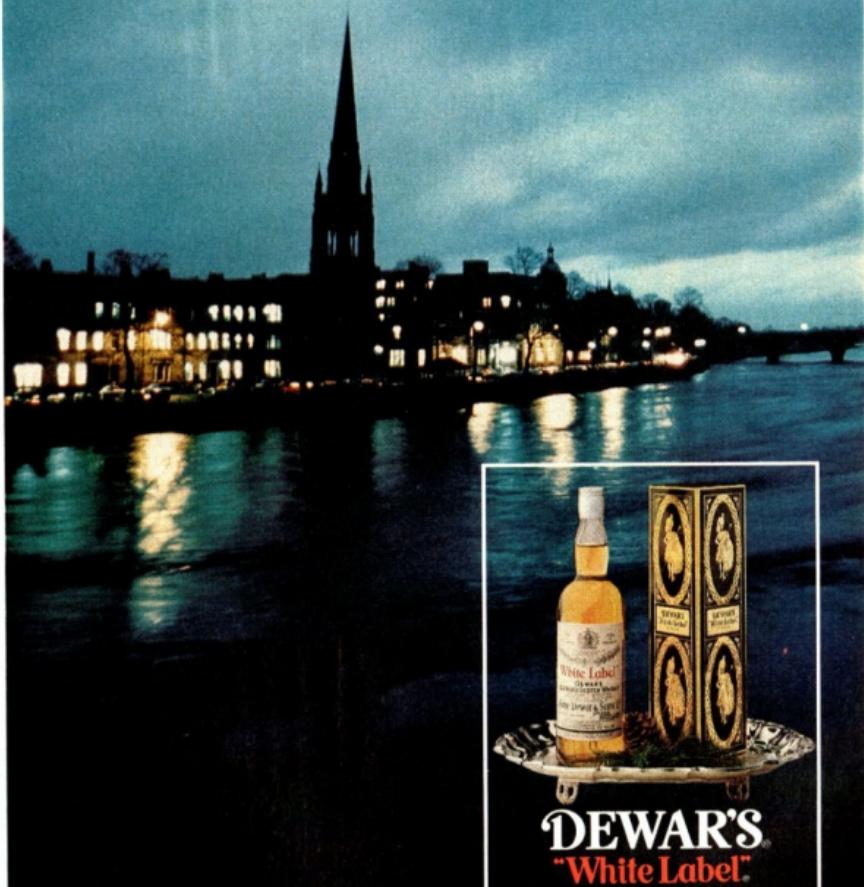
To Frank Laumer, a Florida entrepreneur, such love (and money) spell opportunity. He knows the Model A inside out, having owned 13 himself and restored numerous others in his mechanic's shop. So he has decided to build brand-new Model A's (the 1930 roadster, coupe and pickup truck) to the original specifications in his barn outside Dade City. A smooth-riding demonstration car stands in the driveway as proof of production. List price: \$10,500.

That will not leave Laumer much profit. To hold down labor costs to \$2,000 per car, he employs his son, two daughters, a son-in-law and a master mechanic. But he contracts out all upholstery and painting work for another \$2,000, and reaches far afield for authentic parts. The spare-tire mount comes from Argentina, for instance, the speedometer from the U.S.S.R., a water pipe from South Africa; Laumer gets only the chassis and a few other parts in the U.S. All together, the parts cost more than \$5,000 per car, though Laumer hopes to cut the expense by ordering in bulk—when he boosts capacity to perhaps ten cars a month. "If I can't eventually realize \$2,000 a car," he says, "I can't very well afford this business."

Old Logo. Right now his prospects look as bright as his Model A's nickel-plated headlights. Laumer has ten orders and what he describes as "30 strong inquiries." His first car will be delivered in time for Christmas to Mrs. Marjorie Gay, a Tampa real estate broker who once taught Laumer high school physics. She explains her purchase as "a sentimental journey." That is pretty much how the Ford Motor Co. sees the whole project too. But if Laumer completes his replicas down to use of the old Ford logo, company executives warn, they might sue to stop production.

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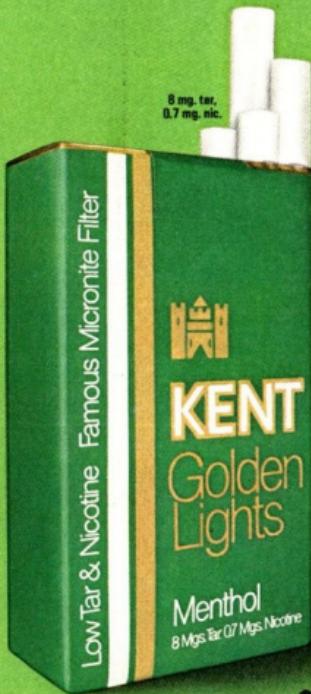
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PEOPLE



SAMMY & LIZA GET THEIR ACTS TOGETHER FOR NEW YEAR'S EVE

Auld Acquaintances **Liza Minnelli** and **Sammy Davis Jr.** are getting together for a little New Year's Eve celebration, and other couples are invited to join them, if they have \$200 to \$500 to spare. Davis, 50, who was best man at her 1974 wedding to **Jack Haley Jr.**, will share the spotlight with Liza, 30, singing, dancing and clowning in a 1½-hour cabaret act at the Diplomat Hotel in Hollywood, Fla. Bubbles Liza: "I've been dreaming about this ever since Sammy jumped onto the stage in the middle of my act at Harrah's in Tahoe a few years ago. We had a ball." Considering the tariff, Diplomat revelers can only hope they will too.

As a singer who used to entertain the well-clad clientele at Manhattan's gay Continental Baths, **Bette Midler** can look forward to at least a dressier audience this January at the New York State Theater. Belting Bette is scheduled to appear there with the New York City Ballet in a new production of **Kurt Weill** and **Bertolt Brecht's** *The Seven Deadly Sins*. Celebrated Choreographer **George Balanchine** chose her to play the lead role of the peripatetic showgirl Annie, a part created in 1933 by Weill's widow **Lotte Lenya**. Why? "She has a good voice and red hair," says Bette. "It's a dream come true. Next year, Firebird."

After 17 years of drawing that freckle-faced urchin Dennis the Menace from a penthouse in Geneva, Cartoonist **Hank Ketcham** is going home to California.



BETTE GETS INTO STEP WITH BALANCHINE

The cost of living on the Continent became too steep for Ketcham, 56, who first sketched the kid with the cowlick in 1951. Gripes he: "I don't mind paying nine Swiss francs for a jar of something labeled *beurre d'arachide crémeux*. But when you figure out that it means \$3.75 for a jar of Skippy Creamy Peanut Butter, it's ridiculous." Ketcham also feared that he was on the verge of turning Dennis' all-American comic-strip household into *chez* Mitchell. Says he: "I may be leaving in time, just before I inadvertently put a bottle of wine on the Mitchell table and have Dennis' father come home for lunch on a bicycle with a stick of bread under his arm."

"If boys didn't exist, I should have to invent them," writes British Novelist

Christopher Isherwood, setting the tone for his new book *Christopher and His Kind 1929-1939* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). Debunking impressions that his interest in politics drew him to pre-World War II Germany, Isherwood reveals that he was propelled by a tip from his sometime lover and collaborator **W.H. Auden** about the boy bars in Berlin. Between affairs, he met Jean Ross, the prototype for his fictional Sally Bowles, and wrote of her escapades in *Goodbye to Berlin*. Sally turns out to be somewhat less vulnerable than portrayed by **Julie Harris** in *I Am a Camera* and **Liza Minnelli** in *Cabaret*. Says Isherwood: "Sally wasn't a victim, wasn't proletarian, was a mere self-indulgent upper-middle-class foreign tourist who could escape from Berlin whenever she chose."

What's Actress **Liv Ullmann** doing in a feather-foosened wrap and heavy-duty leg warmers? Getting ready for an outdoor Charleston party near the Norwegian fjords? Trying on some duds in a drafty antique-clothing store? Actually, Ullmann, 37, is in Munich on the set of her latest film *The Serpent's Egg*, directed by **Ingmar Bergman**. She plays a dancer in a sleazy German nightclub who befriends a young American, played by **David Carradine**, amid the birth of Nazism. "I'll sing and dance, which I never did before in films," says Liv. "Barbra Streisand, watch out!"



LIV GETS WARM FOR DANCE

GIFT BOOKS

\$45 AND UP

GEORGIA O'KEEFE by Georgia O'Keeffe. *Unpaged.* Viking. \$75. There are 108 exacting color plates in this spare, handsome book. The paintings were chosen by the artist, now in her 90th year; many have not been reproduced before. The wonder is that despite their stark eloquence, they are almost upstaged by the text—also by O'Keeffe. She describes her surroundings in Abiquiu, N. Mex., recalls the '20s when D.H. Lawrence was underfoot. Her voice is laconic, styleless, arrow straight to the point. About one of her pictures of bleached pelvic bones, she notes: "I was the sort of child that ate around the raisin on the cookie and ate around the hole in the doughnut. So probably—not having changed much—when I started painting pelvic bones I was most interested in the hole in the bone."

PRE-COLUMBIAN ART OF SOUTH AMERICA by Alan Lapiner. 460 pages. Abrams. \$50. The pottery, statuary, textiles and metalwork of the ancient

Americas are no longer considered mere artifacts of forgotten peoples, but art forms that reflect the sophistication of complex civilization. The late Alan Lapiner chose to illustrate his book with outstanding examples of ritual tomb furnishings and gold and silver mummy ornaments from Peru, Ecuador, Colombia, Venezuela, Argentina, Chile, Bolivia and Brazil. The result is a trove for collectors and browsers alike.

THE UNICORN TAPESTRIES by Margaret B. Freeman. 244 pages. The Metropolitan Museum of Art/Dutton. \$45. The seven magnificent tapestries depicting the hunt of the unicorn (on permanent display at the Cloisters in Manhattan) dazzle the eye. Woven into the tapestries more than 1,000 sq. ft. is a graphic portrait of the medieval mind, frozen at a time (circa 1500) when thought was beginning to shift from heaven to earth. Thus while the tapestries tell the story of a bridegroom brought to the altar and of the death and resurrection of Christ, they also show the realistic hunt of a wholly believable unicorn. Margaret B. Freeman, a former curator of the Cloisters, has written a scholarly and enthralling analysis of the tapestries, including an explanation of the weaving techniques that were used to produce one of the glories of Western art.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART by John Walker. 696 pages. Abrams. \$45. For those unable to visit the National Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C., this collection offers a distant second-best tour. Although the 1,028 color plates illustrate the gallery's estimable holdings, many are reproduced in a size somewhat smaller than that of a self-respecting post card. The saving bonus is the lucid running commentary by John Walker, who has been with the museum since its birth in 1939.

ARCHITECTURE IN AMERICA by G.E. Kidder Smith. 832 pages. American Heritage/Norton. \$45. The author motored 130,000 miles to see and photograph the structures that might best represent America's architecture. The

trip was worth the effort. In this two-volume pictorial history readers will find old favorites (New England's shingled houses, the South's Greek Revival mansions, the Southwest's adobe churches) as well as such modern masterpieces as Frank Lloyd Wright's Unity Temple, Eero Saarinen's Dulles Airport and Louis Kahn's Salk Institute.

SWISS PAINTING by Florens Deuchler, Marcel Roethlisberger and Hans Lüthy. 198 pages. Skira/Rizzoli. \$45. One calamity on Switzerland runs that 500 years of democracy produced the cuckoo clock. Naturally, the three Swiss academicians who produced this book dispute the insult. They also show some indecision about whether there is such a thing as Swiss art, as opposed to art that happened to be created in Switzerland. The country never fostered the influential art centers that flourished in Italy and France. It did give birth to at least two masters—Holbein and Fuseli. This volume includes them but concentrates on a host of lesser-knowns who moved uneasily—and not always satisfactorily—between wider European and narrower native traditions.

\$29.95 TO \$40.00

BIRDS OF THE WEST COAST. VOL. I by J.F. Lansdowne. 175 pages. Houghton Mifflin. \$40. Lansdowne is one of today's leading bird painters. In this, his latest work, he turns to the bird life of his native Canadian West. Of his childhood on Vancouver Island Lansdowne writes, "I vividly recall the plummeting, erratic nighthawks of summer evenings, the flocks of plaintive waxwings and the great, flame-crested pileated woodpeckers that hammered at the roadside stumps." For Volume I the artist has selected 53 species to illustrate, including numerous sea birds and the bald eagle (*Haliaeetus leucocephalus*), the endangered national emblem of the U.S., which thrives in western Canada.

PEOPLE OF THE FIRST MAN. Edited by Davis Thomas and Karin Ronnefeldt. 256 pages. Dutton. \$29.95. The Plains Indian warrior was not only proud but prosperous as well. Sioux, Minnetaree, Assiniboin, Cree and Mandan were among the tribes who lived in high style before the European invaders manifested their destiny. The Indians' chief sources of wealth were the bison and the



AN INDIAN RAJAH, 1888: THE LAST EMPIRE



Bewick's wren from "Birds of the West"

The dove returns to Noah from "Stained Glass"

BOOKS

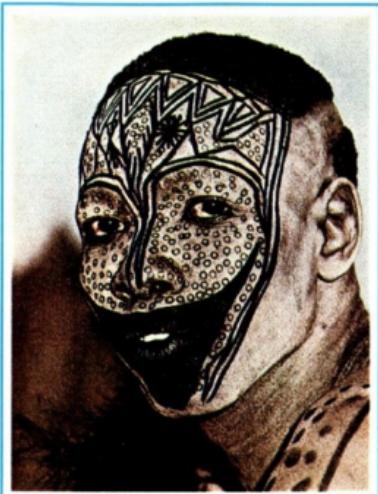


Head of a cougar by Ernest Thompson Seton

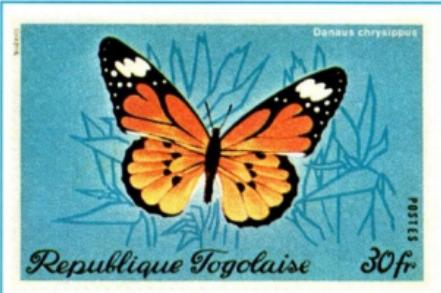




Detail from third tapestry in "The Unicorn Tapestries"



Kau tribesman in decorative face paint



Butterfly stamp from Republic of Togo



"Miraculous Draught of Fishes" (detail) by Swiss Painter Konrad Witz

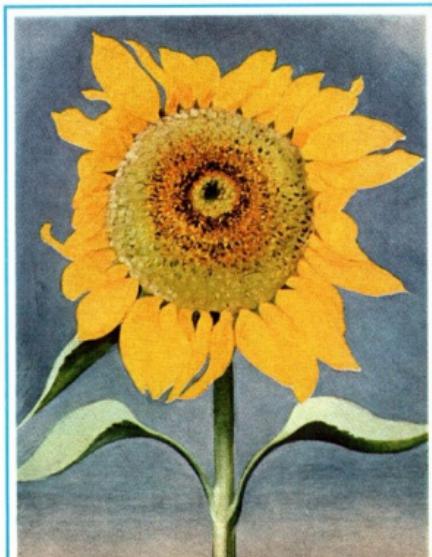


A Mandan warrior from "People of the First Man"

Art deco fashions in "The Golden Age of Style"

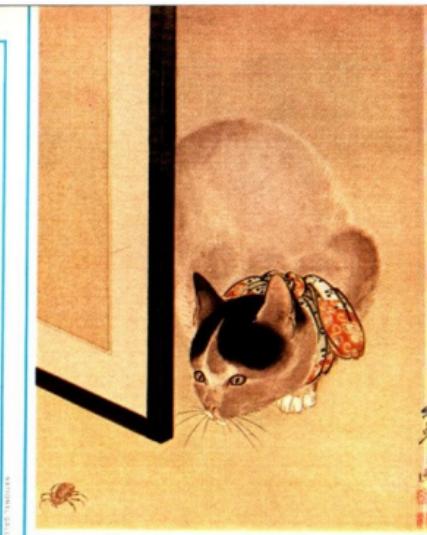


"Sunflower for Maggie" by Georgia O'Keeffe





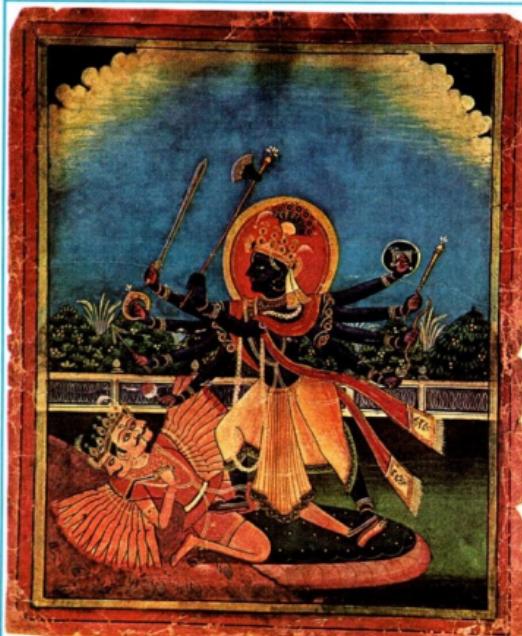
"The Rest on the Flight into Egypt" by Gerard David



Cat stalks spider in "The Illustrated Cat"



Panpiper from "Pre-Columbian Art"



Rama battles Indian demon in "Myths"

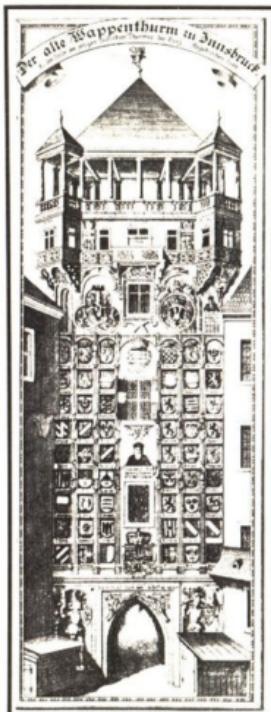
horse. In 1883 the German explorer and naturalist Prince Maximilian of Wied and his Swiss-born companion, Artist Karl Bodmer, traveled among the tribes. The result was Maximilian's diaries, packed with details of Indian life and Bodmer's stunning watercolors. It was a happy marriage of ethnology and art, as the reader is now able to see in this finely produced book.

STAINED GLASS. *Photographs by Sophia Halliday and Laura Washington. 207 pages. Crown. \$39.95.* The authors traveled throughout Europe selecting and photographing the world's finest examples of sacred and profane stained glass. The result is a comprehensive guide, from the 11th century Old Testament windows in Augsburg Cathedral to the 20th century revival of the craft as seen in modern churches as well as the temples of commerce and art. The text and layout by Lawrence Lee, George Seddon and Francis Stephens provide a rich historical context; a final illustrated chapter explains the methods of stained-glass artisans.

MYTHS by Alexander Eliot. 320 pages. McGraw-Hill. \$39.95. This dizzying book hurls the reader around the world and across the centuries in pursuit of the common roots of mankind's myths. Here is Himbui the Hummingbird, the fire bringer of Peru's Jivaro Indians, cheek by jowl with Prometheus. Here is Polynesian Forest God Tane-mahuta forcibly separating Father Sky from Mother Earth. Visions of heavens and hells are shared by Aztec and Hindu, Algonquin and Buddhist. This sweeping survey of human imagination is buttressed by 1,300 illustrations, excellent maps, and essays by Scholars Joseph Campbell and Mircea Eliade.

HERALDRY by Ottfried Neubecker. 288 pages. McGraw-Hill. \$39.95. The author confirms a suspicion probably held by most people: to understand even a tiny blot on the elaborate escutcheon of

heraldry, one must be a herald. The author, director of the German General Roll of Arms, explains the code of identification that was already fiendishly complex in the 12th century. It is no use. Even introductory definitions flutter toward mystification ("Fountain. A roundel barry wavy argent and azure"). Fortunately, the book's 1,700 illustrations fill this simple information gap with a tournament of griffins rampant and bends sinister. They may be best per-



ARMORIAL TOWER: HERALDRY

rused couchant (lying down but with head erect).

TREASURY OF STAMPS by David Lidman. 303 pages. Abrams. \$37.50. The current state of the U.S. mails is nothing to write home about. But if electronics or private services ever totally take over the business of correspondence, something will have been lost. Stamps, as this volume demonstrates, have often achieved a rare combination of function and beauty. David Lidman, a former stamps editor for the *New York Times*, offers a crisp history of franking, from ancient stone tablets to contemporary air mail.



LADY OTTOLINE MORRELL (1903)



FROM ALLIGATORS AND MUSIC

The 1,200 color illustrations convey a representative sampling of the good, the odd and the exceptional. Committed collectors may find nothing new here, but the book is ready-made for the Johnny-come-philiately.

\$17.95 TO \$25.00

PEOPLE OF KAU by Leni Riefenstahl. 224 pages. Harper & Row. \$25. "It was a time of almost intolerable hardship and exertion ... But for my deep-seated urge to pursue the strange and the beautiful, heedless of time, danger and discomfort, these pictures would never have been taken." So trumpets Leni Riefenstahl, whose previous pursuits of the strange included making effective propaganda films for Hitler's Third Reich (*Triumph of the Will*). Now 74 and a photographer of the black African people of the Sudan, Riefenstahl still prefers to surround herself and her subjects with clouds of *Sturm und Drang*. Last year's volume, *The Last of the Nuba*, photographically displayed Mekakin tribesmen as statutory reminiscent of the heroic Mussolini-modern style of the 1930s. *People of Kau* is as technically dazzling as the Nuba book, though once again Riefenstahl succumbs to the bizarre and the theatrical.

THE WORLDS OF ERNEST THOMPSON SETON, Edited by John G. Samson. 204 pages. Knopf. \$25. Ernest Thompson Seton knew the true meaning of animal magnetism. For most of his 86 years, the writer-artist was uncontrollably attracted to creatures great and small. His best work, reconsidered 30 years after his death, is a reconciliation of opposites. The scientific Seton could count the feathers on a grackle (4,915); the romantic Seton attributed human charac-

BOOKS

teristics to crows, wolves and rabbits. Both attitudes are fused in this scrapbook of nature notes, lush oil paintings and meticulous life studies. The volume is plainly meant as a celebration, but its illustrations carry an aura of valediction—a sense of the approaching world of endangered species.

THE LAST EMPIRE: PHOTOGRAPHY IN BRITISH INDIA, 1855-1911. *Texts by Clark Worswick and Ainslie Embree. Unpaged. Aperture. \$19.95.* Clark Worswick, a photographer and film maker, has assembled a pictorial gallery of extraordinary technical excellence. More important, it is a voyage back to British India, and not entirely to the India of its rulers' vision. There are, to be sure, the colonial set pieces: viceregal functions, regimental assemblies. Lancers posed as if for a sixth-form Eton portrait. But dauntless British photographers penetrated the far reaches of Queen Victoria's mightiest possession to capture magnificent scenic panoramas, demented rajahs, beguiling fakirs and guileful snake charmers, palaces, pleasure domes and poverty, all with the objective innocence of a Victorian traveler sketching Venice.

STREETWALKER: THE SECRET PARIS OF THE '30s

THE SECRET PARIS OF THE '30s by Brassat. Unpaged. Pantheon. \$17.95. Seeking the seedy side of Paris, Brassat photographed prostitutes, *clochards*, crooks, transvestites and drug addicts. If the resulting images seemed shocking in the 1930s, they retain little journalistic voltage now, in an age accustomed to grittier images of such subjects. Yet the famous Hungarian-born photographer's pictures must be valued for their composition, insight and their evocation of the romance of sin.

\$12.95 AND UNDER

THE GOLDEN AGE OF STYLE by Julian Robinson. 128 pages. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. \$12.95. This is a languorous history of *haute couture* from 1911 to 1932, when Bakst, Poiret, Vionnet, Chanel and other fashion designers found inspiration in the restless lines and superb craftsmanship of art deco. Though the text is thin and rhapsodic, the book's emphasis falls properly on the sumptuous dresses of the day as rendered by a band of Parisian illustrators. They were an expert lot—so deft, witty and evocative that today's fashions look shabby by comparison.

LADY OTTOLINE'S ALBUM. Edited by Carolyn G. Heilbrun. 117 pages. Knopf. \$12.50. Party snapshots are usually of interest only to the guests—unless the guests are of interest to uninvited outsiders. Lady Ottoline Morrell's visitors were and still are a bohemian daughter of the British aristocracy, she and her husband Philip began collecting literary lions during the first decade of this century. Before her death in 1938, she had entertained and photographed everyone from Henry James to Ian Fleming. As a photographer, Lady Ottoline made an excellent hostess. Yet, as collected here, her labors produced a faded, fascinating record of the flowers of Bloomsbury and environs.

THE ILLUSTRATED CAT by Jean-Claude Suarès and Seymour Chwast. 72 pages. Harmony Books/Crown. \$10.95, hard-cover; \$5.95, paperback. A fetching concatenation of feline portraits done by celebrated painters, illustrators and cartoonists from Watteau, Manet, Renoir and Picasso to Andrew Wyeth, from Tenniel to Thurber, from Chessie in the C & O berth to Krazy Kat beset by Ignatz Mouse. The text is too kitchy, even for ailurophiles, but the pictures are well magnificat.

Jean-Claude Suarès



FROM SUARÈS' HIGHER ANIMALS

ALLIGATORS AND MUSIC by Donald Elliott. Illustrated by Clinton Arrowood. 67 pages. Gambit. \$8.95. Anyone who thinks of alligators as truculent beasts can thank Clinton Arrowood for revealing their spiritual side: they are dedicated musicians. There is no indication of this in Donald Elliott's didactic text, a series of short essays in which the instruments of the orchestra archly explain their characteristics. Thus the bassoon: "I am something of a deep thinker." Somehow, this unpromising libretto inspired Arrowood to portray each instrument being performed by one of his bewigged and frock-coated reptiles. The results are as absurd—and as charming—as Babar the elephant enjoying the Comédie Française.

THE HIGHER ANIMALS: A MARK TWAIN BESTIARY. Edited by Maxwell Geismar. Drawings by Jean-Claude Suarès. 160 pages. Thomas Y. Crowell. \$8.95. Fully half a century ago, Robert Benchley protested against the practice of concocting an annual anthology of Mark Twain relics. That season's offering happened to be *Moments with Mark Twain*, so Benchley wondered whether "we may look for further books in this series in 1923, 1924, 1925, etc., to be entitled *Half-Hours with Mark Twain* . . . *Pleasant Week-Ends with Mark Twain*, *Indian Summer with Mark Twain*, *Mutatis mutandis*, this year's *Twain anthology* is a collection of his tales and observations about animals, ranging from the familiar *Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County* to such oddities as a polemic against the inefficiency of ants. Twain is a master always worth rereading, and perhaps the chief justification for new anthologies is to remind us of lines like "A jay hasn't got any more principle than a Congressman."



When you can't say it with sable, say it with books.



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Harcourt Brace Jovanovich 



STEVE ERLIN/MPTV—THE CLOUT

MORTALLY WOUNDED ANCHORMAN BEALE (PETER FINCH) & TV SOOTHSAYER

MICHAEL LIMBURG



The Movie TV Hates and Loves

In Los Angeles, network executives watching a screening of the movie were on the edge of their seats, almost clawing at the armrests with indignation. In New York City, the film was a three-martini lunch topic along Sixth Avenue—"Network Row"—and NBC angrily barred Director Sidney Lumet from a screening of one of its own TV movies. "It's a piece of crap," huffed an NBC vice president. "It had nothing to do with our business." ABC's Barbara Walters was more delicate. She said that while the movie was entertaining, she was afraid audiences would think the movie was not satire but the truth. Which is exactly what many audiences did think about Paddy Chayefsky's *Network* as they stamped their feet, howled and hooted at the most controversial movie of 1976.

Sensitive Nerve. Nowhere was the reaction stronger than among those who actually work in TV's cotton fields. "I heard the movie was supposed to be a satire on the television business," deadpans George Schlatter, who originated *Laugh In*, one of the most innovative shows of the '60s. "But to me it was almost a documentary." Says Novelist Gore Vidal, a TV playwright in the '50s: "I've heard every line from that film in real life." Norman Lear, the comedy pioneer of the '70s, declares categorically that *Network* is "a brilliant film."

Judging from the reactions of both those who make TV and those who watch it, *Network*, which opens in 15 cities on Dec. 17, has drilled into a sensitive national nerve. Overlong and preachy, exaggerated even within the bounds of satire, the movie nonetheless has the power of a frightening revelation

(TIME, Nov. 29). Like the Frank Capra films of the '30s and '40s (particularly *Meet John Doe*), it is half entertainment and half message, a populist plea for the individual against inhuman institutions. But unlike the movies of those optimistic days, there is no happy ending.

The movie's message is simple enough: Howard Beale (Peter Finch), the once popular anchorman of a national newscast, falls victim to the twin evils of booze and declining ratings, and Max Schumacher (William Holden), the head of UBS News, tells him he has to go. Suffering a momentary nervous breakdown, Beale goes on air to announce that in a week's time he will shoot himself on-camera. He has, he says, run out of the "bullshit" that kept him going.

Schumacher wants to yank Beale off the air, but Diana Christenson (Faye Dunaway), the network's head of programming, senses enough viewer interest in a nutty anchorman to boost the ailing network into Nielsen heaven. The news department becomes part of Christenson's entertainment empire, and, as the "mad prophet" of the air waves, Beale gains 60% of the audience and puts the double-whammy on such stolid, sane types as Walter Cronkite and John Chancellor. "Howard Beale is processed instant God," Christenson gushes, "and right now it looks like he may just go over bigger than Mary Tyler Moore."

Once given her head—and the clout of rising ratings—Christenson cannot be stopped. She turns the news into a variety show, with a soothsayer and a gossip columnist and, for what she calls *The*

Mao Tse-tung Hour, hires terrorists from the Ecumenical Liberation Army to rob banks and do other fun things for her cameras. Eventually, however, Beale becomes a bore and his ratings plummet. To save the show Christenson writes him out of the script—permanently: Her *Mao Tse-tung* terrorists calmly assassinate him on-camera.

Macabre Underlining. Half the TV world huffs and puffs and says such a takeover of TV news by the entertainment types cannot happen here. The other half says it not only can happen but often has. "People say there will never be such a show business approach to the news," declares George Schlatter. "But think back to the Symbionese Liberation Army shootout in Los Angeles, where there was live camera coverage and a carnival atmosphere as a group of people were burning to death. Try to separate show business from broadcast journalism in that instance." In a macabre underlining of Schlatter's words, TV newsmen were already begging Utah prison officials last week to be allowed to film the execution of Convicted Killer Gary Gilmore. If prison authorities refuse, said a Salt Lake City TV man, seemingly desperate for blood, "we are considering using paragliders, long lenses, helicopters—maybe even a dirigible."

NBC Correspondent Douglas Kiker thinks the walls separating the news and entertainment have not yet been breached, but he sees them coming under ever heavier attack. Says he: "Right now we try to put on as good a news show as possible, without any effort to titillate the viewers. But our monster in the closet is the programmers, the Diana Christensons of this world." Adds CBS's Morley Safer: "The movie is a fan-

tasy, but there is really not much of a step from the 'happy talk' news many local stations put on to the crazy talk of *Network*."

Indeed, with few exceptions local TV news shows have fallen under the ratings spell. Instead of letting their newsmen judge what is news, the stations have hired consultants to tell them what kinds of stories they should cover, how long they should be, how they should be presented and even what the anchorman should wear. The result has either been the fun and games of the "happy news," where the anchorman jokes with the weatherman, or the sensationalism of what is known in the broadcasting business as "blood, guts and organs."

At WNBC in New York, says former Executive News Editor Stuart Loory—now managing editor at the Chicago *Sun-Times*—"we watched all three monitors at night to see which station had the best fire footage and which had the best blood. If a man was stabbed in the subway and the cameraman was smart enough to track the blood, he got good marks." Five years ago, San Francisco's KGO, in its more sensationalist days, led off the news with the report that a human penis had been found in the Oakland railroad yards.

To test viewer reaction, some consultants have gone so far as to rig up human guinea pigs with electrodes to

measure their physical reaction to what they see on the tube. In Los Angeles, Station KNX Anchorman Pat Emory was fired when test viewers failed to tingle properly when he came on the air. "By that measurement," fumes Emory, now with St. Louis' KNBC, "Adolph Hitler should have been anchorman."

"Local news programs show what network news is going to become," predicts *Network* Director Lumet, who, like Chayefsky, fondly remembers TV's heyday in the '50s. "What the hell is going to happen when Walter Cronkite goes and the news gets turned over to those guys with Mark Spitz haircuts or Jerry Colonna mustaches?" At NBC and CBS, some newsmen feel the monster Kiker talked about has already peered out of the closet at ABC. Barbara Walters, they note, will not only continue to be a highly professional newswoman, she will also be an entertainer (she has a special with Barbra Streisand Dec. 14), and half her \$1 million salary will be paid by the entertainment division.

Gloomy Prophet. Will *Network* cause TV executives to stop and think about where they are going? Chayefsky, as gloomy a prophet as Howard Beale, doubts that it will, at least for long. Lin Bolen, a former programming vice president at NBC—and a model for Faye Dunaway's characterization of Diana Christensen—agrees. Now an independent producer in Hollywood, Bolen says

that "the rating game is at its zenith. The numbers have never meant more than they do this year. I hate to admit it, but many people who are in responsible network jobs today don't give a damn about quality. To them, it's only the ratings that matter. And that is what *Network* is all about, isn't it?"

It is indeed, and the irony is that the movie may eventually become a pawn in the game it deplores. If the film is a hit, the angry executives on Network Row will undoubtedly forget their pique and buy it for the tube. Chayefsky and his friends are prepared. Despite the author's professed distaste of superprofits (see box), a second, sanitized soundtrack of the movie is ready and waiting for TV distribution. That naughty, daring word bullshit, for example, has been changed to a resounding "bullsoup!"

TED TESK



SCREENWRITER PADDY CHAYEFSKY

Chayefsky: 'Network Is True'

Paddy Chayefsky is a veteran of what is now known as TV's golden age, that period in the '50s when there was original, live drama every night and when the networks, uncertain of where they were going, were willing to experiment with talent and quality. Though TV has expanded beyond all recognition and is technically light years beyond those pioneering days, it has, in Chayefsky's view, entered its own dark ages. In its frantic race for ratings, it has become debased, an extension of a corporate way of life that Chayefsky sees "dehumanizing all of us." Last week Chayefsky talked to TIME about *Network*—and the real, un-real world of television. Excerpts:

People say to me: "Jesus, you moved into some pretty surreal satire." I say: "No, I still write realistic stuff. It's the world that's gone nuts, not me. It's the world that's turned into a satire." We never lied. Everything in the movie is true—with some extensions. It's very hard to describe simply and realistically what is going on without being grotesque. I think the movie is right now.

The networks were concerned about ratings when I was working in TV in the '50s, but the condition has been seriously aggravated. If I were in control of a network, I think I would be satisfied with a mere million-dollar profit instead of a 150 million-dollar profit. I would supply on prime time a healthy chunk of beauty and commitment. I think the American people deserve some truth—at least as much truth as we can give them—instead of pure entertainment or pure addiction.

Let's at least show the country to ourselves for what it really is. It includes more than pimps, hustlers, junkies, murderers and hit men. All family life is not as coarse and brutalized as it is presented to us on TV. There is a substantial thing called America with a very complicated, pluralistic society that is worth honest presentation. If I were in charge of a network, I would insist that one-third, at least, of prime time be used to depict that, whether people watch it or not, because some people will watch it.

Television coarsens all the complex-

ties of human relationships, brutalizes them, makes them insensitive. The point about violence is not so much that it breeds violence—though that is probably true—but that it totally desensitizes viciousness, brutality, murder, death so that we no longer actively feel the pains of the victim or suffer for the mourners or feel their grief. When the *Hindenburg* blew up, the reporter broke down on the radio. I can't imagine anything like that happening today. I imagine a detached, calm description of the ship going up in flames: "I do believe there will be no survivors." We have become desensitized to things that are usually part of the human condition. This is the basic problem of television. We've lost our sense of shock, our sense of humanity.

TV's New Superhit: Jocktronics

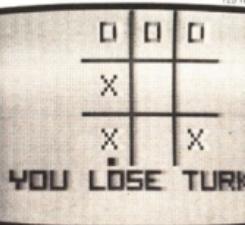
The liveliest action on the TV screen these days is not interrupted by commercials. It does not involve cops, medics, superwomen, paterfamilial *sarcoeurs* or country-rock carolers. It is not even rated by Nielsen. Television's new superhit is Yourself, the Athlete (or Racing Driver, or Op Artist, or Blackjack High Roller). The name of the game—which is provided by a wide and wildly competitive assortment of electronic contests that can be simply hooked into any TV set—is Jocktronics.

The first home video game, Odyssey, went on the market in 1972. Now some 40 manufacturers are producing TV games at list prices of \$40 and up.

are demanded, however. As the game progresses, some units automatically speed up the ball; others allow the players to set the pace as well as select the length of game (from 2 to 20 minutes). The screen keeps score. Pong and other games emit an exultant plonk! or ping! when the player smites the ball (losers supply their own Nastase noises). They can also be used for squash and handball. In the ticktacktoe game, the set may sneer, flashing a sign-off YOU LOSE TURKEY. For those who want to be the neighborhood Bobby Hull, most of the sets programmed for tennis also provide a hockey game in which armchair dudes can try to blast a puck past an agile goal-

inserting one cartridge into the sophisticated Fairchild unit, a player can become an Op artist, concocting complex traceries and Cheopsian constructions across the screen for hours on end. This unit can also make its own doodles. Fact (around \$400), another system that uses cartridges to extend the range, may be a valuable teaching aid when it comes on the market next year. It flashes questions about history, science or literature onto the screen; they are answered by pressing multiple-choice buttons.

The manufacturers are also considering games that would involve the intellect as well as cognitive skills. The possibilities seem limitless. Working with memory bank and a TV screen, it lends itself to the graphic presentation of ideas, gamemen could pose all kinds



SHOPPERS AND BLOW UPS OF FAIRCHILD UNITS DOODLING PLAYING BLACKJACK WINNING AT TICKTACKTOE

By the end of the Christmas season, Americans will have bought some 3 million of them this year—at least ten times as many as in 1975. Some of the leading makers, notably Atari, Fairchild and Magnavox, have plants working overtime and still cannot meet the demand. Nor, it seems, is there any limit to the TV games people will eventually play. By TIME's count, there are already more than 50 different varieties of video contests available, from tennis to tank warfare to ticktacktoe.

In tennis, the basic game, there is a dotted net, a white ball and oblong bars representing racquets on the screen. By twiddling their control knobs, players can drive, volley and angle shots without sweat or risk to tendon. Fast reflex-

ie. Soccer aficionados can pretend they are Pelé, since the same game simulates soccer. For would-be Andrettis, there is Indy 500 (list price: \$130), which comes with vrooming sound track that may make parents wish the children were watching *Captain Kangaroo*. The Fairchild Video Entertainment System (\$150 for the basic unit, \$20 for cartridges containing additional games) enables homefront Pattons and Rommels to blast the bejebbers out of whippet tanks in the desert, or lets the player be a skeet shooter; or pits blackjack skills against an electronic dealer who tots up bucks lost or won, keeps track of the bets and will advance credit if somebody goes broke.

Some games have different aims. By

of cultural guessing scenarios that might match a contestant's deductive powers with Sherlock's, invoke the suspense of an archaeological hunt or even put pizzazz into a philosophical discourse—as manual Scrabble has put verve into vocabulary. And how about video Scrabble?

The home video sets are pared down, slicked-up versions of the old coin-operated barroom games. The more advanced models are already minicomputers, with memory banks and calculating ability equal to the capacity of a 1950 room-size IBM model; thanks to fingernail-size silicon-chip microprocessors, they weigh only a few pounds. Within a few years, these latch-on T.V. widgets may be able to perform such tasks as adding up tax returns and flashing messages to neighbors' screens.

Meanwhile, the games that exist are bringing kids and kids' friends and families and neighbors back into the circle in numbers unequalled since the days when they first loved Lucy and glommed onto Gleason. Perhaps Nielsen will be forced to create a new ratings category.

Enjoy Lauder's King of the Hill Gang



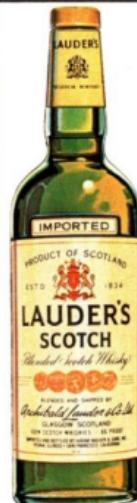
Original paintings by Aldo Luongo

The Lauder's King of the Hill Gang, hosted by Chad Everett is playing Tennis matches across America for the benefit of the Muscular Dystrophy Association.

The standings	W	L	PCT.
Reiner/Scheinman	1	0	1.000
Arnaz/Van Patten	1	0	1.000
Franciscus/Puchinelli	1	0	1.000
Heston/Shatner	1	1	.500
Cosby/Match	1	1	.500
Everett/Hippenstiel	0	1	.000
Connelly/Peralta	0	2	.000
Bridges/Harper	0	0	0.000

Schedule of upcoming Lauder's King of the Hill Tournaments:

Las Vegas, Nevada Dec. 12
Cleveland, Ohio Jan. 30
San Francisco, Calif. Feb. 6



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It is true that 4½-million Americans will be 18 next year. It will also be true the year that follows, and the year after that. American business has a tremendous task to come up with the millions of new jobs needed. They won't be free. One way or another, the billions of dollars needed to create them must come by reinvesting profit.



Profitable businesses make jobs.

In recent years, the average U.S. manufacturing corporation has made less than 5 cents profit on every dollar of sales (most people think it's five or six times that!). The expansion that creates new jobs has to come from that nickel.

In the next decade, business is looked to for millions of new jobs. But 5 cents on a dollar can't make them. Just a couple of cents more could.

If you would like more information about the relation of jobs to reinvested profit, write Armco Steel Corporation, General Offices, Dept. #156, Middletown, Ohio 45043.

ARMCO

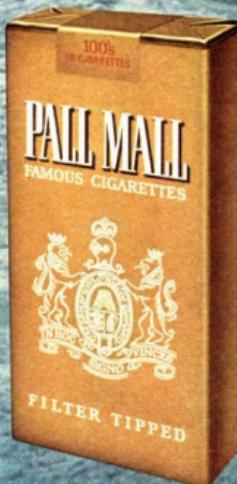
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Pall Mall Filter King . . . 18 mg. "tar", 1.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.
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Death and Confusion at the Court

When Gary Mark Gilmore's mother appealed to the U.S. Supreme Court last week to stay his imminent execution, she raised anew the fundamental question: Is the death penalty constitutional?

Fittingly enough, Bessie Gilmore's attorney was Professor Anthony G. Amsterdam of Stanford, the man who had helped persuade the Supreme Court to answer that question in the negative. Or so the answer seemed to be in 1972, when the Justices ruled that the "arbitrary" and "freakish" way death sentences were imposed made them unacceptable. But when several states began writing more limited and more specific new death-penalty statutes (35 have now done so), the court started refining the rules. Having rejected capricious death sentences on the one hand, it also rejected mandatory ones, like an automatic death penalty for anyone convicted of first-degree murder. As a middle course, it said last July that states must specify standards to guide judges and juries in deciding which convicted murderers should be sentenced to death. Last week, however, when the court stayed the executions of Gilmore and others in order to hear new appeals, even some experienced lawyers were confessing complete bewilderment. No less bewildered were the more than 400 prisoners in the nation's death houses.

The key cases involved states whose laws had just been reviewed:

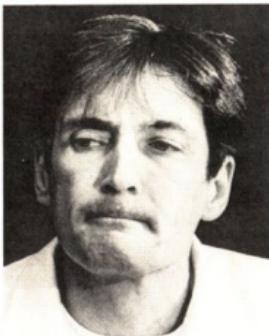
LOUISIANA: In July a 5-to-4 vote had struck down part of Louisiana's new capital-punishment statute because it mandated death for all those convicted of first-degree murder. It did not deal specifically, however, with a section of the law mandating execution for cop killers. When a man who had killed a policeman appealed his conviction to the Supreme Court, State Attorney General William J. Guste Jr. conceded that he could not be executed. Guste was therefore no little surprised when the Justices announced that they would hear arguments on why a mandatory death penalty for the killing of a policeman might be constitutional after all.

FLORIDA: In July the Justices had voted 7 to 2 that the state's new law was constitutional because it provided clear guidelines for deciding whether a particular murderer deserved death. But last week, while listening to oral arguments in a new Florida case, Justice Potter Stewart suddenly took off his glasses and angrily leaned back in his chair. "This court," he told state lawyers, "upheld that statute on the representation of the state of Florida that this was an open and aboveboard proceeding. This case gets here, and it's apparent that it isn't." What had piqued Stewart was the

disclosure that a damaging presentencing report to the judge had been kept secret from the defense after the original trial and the state supreme court had had no chance to review it. "Perhaps as many as three members of the court," warned Stewart, might now "change their minds" on that original case.

Those three Justices were presumably Lewis Powell, John Paul Stevens and Stewart, who had tipped the balance in July, voting to bar mandatory death-penalty statutes and to permit the so-called guided discretion laws that many states are now enacting. Despite the signs of confusion, some experts thought the justices were simply trying to clarify their original decision. Said Stanford's constitutional-law expert Gerald Gunther: "It's hard to believe they're going to change their minds so soon. But it does look as if they're uneasy with the bizarre compromise they came up with last time."

state board of pardons, the board voted 2 to 1 to grant the condemned man's plea that he stand "like a man" in front of a firing squad in the first U.S. execution in almost a decade. The following day, District Court Judge J. Robert Bullock set the execution date for sunrise, Dec. 6, just two days after Gilmore's



GILMORE (INSET) SURROUNDED BY REPORTERS AT PARDONS BOARD HEARING

Much Ado About Gary

What's to become of Gilmore, the killer who wanted to die? Will they just do away with Gilmore, or will they give him another try?

—The Ballad of Gary Gilmore

To all appearances, the long wait seemed almost over for Gary Mark Gilmore last week. Just as he had been demanding ever since his conviction two months ago for the murder of a 25-year-old motel clerk in Provo, Utah, Gilmore was being given the right to die. After a steamy two-hour hearing before the

36th birthday, "That's acceptable," Gilmore said quietly.

The pardon-board hearing took place, like some futuristic fantasy, on television. At 9 a.m. Gilmore was led in, his tattooed wrists manacled. He wore a white prison uniform, and he looked somewhat gaunt from his twelve-day hunger strike (he has lost about 20 lbs.).

Ex-Judge George W. Latimer, 75, chairman of the board, asked Gilmore if he had anything to say. Answered Gilmore: "Your board dispenses privileges that I always thought were sought, deserved and earned. I haven't earned any-

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And how Old Forester becomes Great Whisky.



THE LAW

thing. To paraphrase Shakespeare, this is much ado about nothing. I simply accepted my sentence."

Gilmore repeated his earlier charge that Governor Calvin Rampton was a "moral coward" for staying his execution last month. As for the others who wanted to speak in his defense—the witnesses at the hearing included a right-to-life housewife and a vociferous representative of the Citizens Against Pornography and Other Crimes Committee—Gilmore was equally blunt: "All I have to say to all of them—the rabbis, the priests, the A.C.L.U.—I'd like them to butt out. It's my life and my death."

"Courtroom graphics and Gilmore in chains," said TV Reporter John Hollenhorst as he sat in the studio of Salt Lake City's KSL-TV and watched the 10 p.m. news. "The story today has all the visual elements."

"Most people around here want the Gilmore story to disappear because they're embarrassed by the publicity," said the program's producer, Janice Evans. "But I think it's terrific."

The next day's hearing before Judge Bullock was brisk. Again the manacled prisoner was asked whether he had anything to say. Gilmore rose shakily to his feet and made one request: "I understand, your honor, they are planning to seat me in a chair with a hood over my head. I don't want that. I don't want a hood, and I want to be standing."

The judge said he did not have the authority to set the details of the execution but would notify Warden Samuel Smith of Gilmore's request. That left only the time to be set.

"I'm going to set it at sunrise Monday," the judge said. "Do you request another time?"

"I don't request anything," Gilmore said.

Outside Salt Lake's massive Zions Cooperative Mercantile Institution, a handful of pickets paraded among the Christmas shoppers with sandwich boards demanding RELEASE GILMORE NOW. "The man I see there is not a guilty killer," said Demonstrator Larry Wood, 30, pointing to a newspaper photograph of the wan Gilmore at the hearing. "He looks like a high beam to me. We Christians should turn the other cheek."

Though Gilmore has persistently disavowed all lawyers who tried to win him a reprieve, the decisive intervention came when Stanford Law Professor Anthony G. Amsterdam moved in the following day, on behalf of Gilmore's mother. Amsterdam, a leader in the fight against capital punishment for a decade, filed a petition with Supreme Court Justice Byron White, who is responsible for emergency appeals in the Utah area. "The need for a stay of execution is obvious," said Amsterdam. "Such stays are commonly granted in



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death cases. Indeed, the only factor that makes this application unusual is [Gilmore's] assertion that he wished to be executed." Among Amsterdam's reasons for appealing that there may have been judicial errors in the original trial, that Gilmore may have waived his constitutional rights without fully understanding them, that his defense lawyers were inadequate, and that Utah's capital punishment law may be unconstitutional. Justice White duly turned the petition over to the full court. The next day the court voted 6 to 3 to stay the execution for one day so that Utah state authorities can provide more information. That demand is very likely to require several further delays.

So, for a time, the execution was called off.

In the dingy foyer of the Utah State Prison, Gilmore's aunt, Ida Damico, and her daughter, Brenda Nicol, maintain a sort of vigil. They say, though, that if they had been on Gilmore's jury, they would have voted to convict.

"The Indians had the right idea," says Brenda, a cocktail waitress in Orem. "When a rapist was caught, he got tied down and everyone was invited to throw stones. You better believe the other young bucks got the right idea. Poor Gary—I love him even though he is a murderer. Gary says the only way to atone for the dead is to give your own life. He's prepared and so are we."

The family has already discussed the division of Gilmore's worldly possessions, including parts of his body. One of Brenda's children hopes to get Gilmore's pituitary gland. "I wish I could get his brain," Aunt Ida says with a smile. "I always wanted to go to college."

As Gilmore waits out the next round, book, magazine and television offers keep flooding in. Gilmore has fired his first agent, Dennis Boaz, who until recently was also his lawyer, in favor of his uncle, Vern Damico. Damico listed to a \$5,000 bid from the *National Enquirer*, a \$100,000 bid from David Susskind, and then accepted a more elaborate contract from Los Angeles Photographer and Entrepreneur Lawrence Schiller. For a \$100,000 down payment, plus royalties, Schiller has arranged a package deal that includes a TV dramatization of Gilmore's life and death for ABC's *Movie of the Week*. As money comes in, along with celebrity, so do bills. Last week a Massachusetts insurance company filed suit against Gilmore to collect \$45,818 in death benefits for one of his shooting victims. Even so, there will be money left over that Gilmore has promised to parcel out among his family, to the relatives of his victims and to such favorite charities as a Pennsylvania society of handicapped artists. Gilmore, who has spent 18 of his 36 years behind bars, says he will keep only \$1,000 so that during his remaining days in prison he can live well.



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THE THEATER

Howls

COMEDIANS

by TREVOR GRIFFITHS

A comedian is the tightrope artist of laughter. If his audience does not laugh, he falls, plunging into the terrifying void of collective silence. Yet the comedian's precarious venture does not end there. He may possess a commodious catalogue of jokes and tricky bits of business, but finally he has to put together some sort of theory as to why people laugh. This is a question that has puzzled minds of the caliber of Socrata-



PLAYWRIGHT TREVOR GRIFFITHS
No security blanket.

tes' and Freud's, and Novelist George Meredith's and Philosopher Henri Bergson's, let alone your stand-up comic's.

As a rule, most comedians treat comedy as a security blanket. They comfort the audience by making whatever unsettles, disturbs or frightens people the chief butt of their jokes. That accounts for the wide popularity of sexual humor, of gibes at local stereotypes and assumed rural, urban, regional and national characteristics. But the rare comedian, impelled by motives that lie too deep for analysis, makes the audience itself the butt of his humor, attacks head-on the smugness, vanity and hypocrisy that people prefer to hide or ignore. Placed in the direct line of comic fire, an audience, and by extension a society, can turn vicious. One need

Before you sign for a new group dental insurance program for your employees, read these results of a recent independent survey* of dentists first:

INSURANCE CARRIERS	GOOD ⁽²⁾	FAIR ⁽³⁾	POOR ⁽⁴⁾
Connecticut General Life Insurance Co.	83.0	15.9	1.1
Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.	69.2	26.0	4.8
Ohio Medical Indemnity Plan	65.5	29.4	5.0
John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co.	53.0	36.4	10.6
Blue Cross/Blue Shield of Michigan	50.9	38.3	10.8
Delta Dental Plan of Michigan	30.9	44.0	25.1
Aetna Life and Casualty	23.3	47.5	29.2

*Source: American Dental Association, 1976.

(1) 44.6% of this total replied.

(2) Good—Usually prompt, courteous, problem-free.

(3) Fair—Some problems but not chronic.

(4) Poor—Frequent problems.

Before putting pen to paper, there are some very important papers you should look over first. They're the recent findings of a survey of dentists by an independent association.

One of the things the association wanted to know was how well a number of group dental insurance companies were performing.

So, they surveyed almost 2,000⁽¹⁾ dentists serving a major industry dental program in four Midwestern states: Michigan, Indiana, Missouri and Ohio.

This is what the survey asked:

"Please evaluate the general performance of the (insurance) carriers you deal with..."

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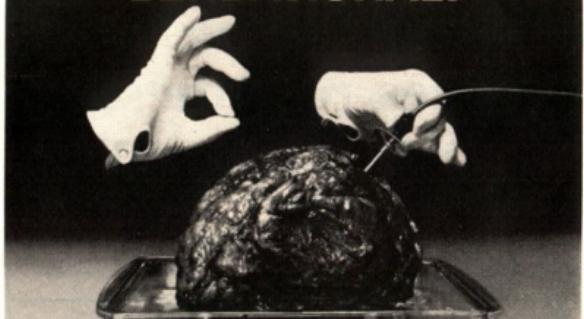
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GENERAL ELECTRIC



JONATHAN PRYCE IN COMEDIANS
Void of terrifying silence.

only evoke the fate of Lenny Bruce as one case in evidence.

These two brands of comedy are what *Comedians*, a scathingly funny, perceptively angry and warmly humane play is all about. Those who have relished the plays of David Storey, particularly *The Changing Room*, will feel immediately at home with Fellow Briton Trevor Griffiths' characters. Six Manchester men with paltry jobs aspire to entertainers in workingmen's clubs, with a possible whack at the London big time. Each act is one leg of a tripod —final warmup, audition, post-mortem.

The teacher is an old pro, Eddie Waters (Milo O'Shea), whose last laugh seems to have sunk long ago in the still pond of his face. As his students sprint through their routines—ethnic, absurdist one-liners, god-awful—Eddie offers his philosophy of comedy: "A true joke has to do more than release tension, it has to liberate the will and the desire, it has to change the situation."

But the audition judge, Bert Challenor (Rex Robbins), holds the opposite view: "Any good comedian can lead an audience by the nose. But only in the direction they're going. And that direction is, quite simply, escape." The two who follow Challenor's advice win. The boy (Jonathan Pryce) who goes into a brilliantly pantomimed rage against two effigies of the upper middle class loses. What he epitomizes is about as funny as death, but Pryce's caustic honesty and formidable skill in playing the role mark a Broadway debut that is electric with life.

T.E. Kalem



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BEHAVIOR

Genes über Alles

"Descended from apes! My dear, let us hope it is not so; but if it is, let us hope that it does not become generally known."

—Wife of the Bishop of Worcester,
19th century

The bishop's dithering wife is alive, well, residing in modern America and very dangerous, says Harvard Anthropologist Melvin J. Konner. In fact, he fears, she was very much in evidence at the annual American Anthropological Association meeting in Washington, where the subject of angry debate was the divisive new discipline of sociobiology and its chief spokesman Edward O. Wilson. The bishop's wife, says Konner, "did not like what Darwin said, what Marx and Engels said, what Freud said, and now she does not like what Wilson says: they all make her feel 'lower.'"

Male Dominance. Wilson, a Harvard zoologist, may not yet have achieved the stature of a Darwin, a Marx or a Freud. But he and his colleagues are sending the same kind of shock waves through the academic community. Sociobiology is the study of the biological basis for social behavior in every species; its practitioners believe that some—and perhaps much—of human behavior is genetically determined. It is not a message that many academics want to hear. Says Harvard's Richard Lewontin, an evolutionary biologist: "This is fundamentally a very conservative world view, which serves the very important function of saying that there is no sense in rocking the boat—we are what our genes make us—and I think that's bullshit." Lewontin is hardly alone. Marxist anthropologists criticize sociobiology as a rationale for reactionary capitalism, and feminists see it as a defense of male dominance. Others fear it will be used to support the notion that there is a genetic basis for racial differences in intelligence.

Eager for a showdown at the anthropology convention, opponents of sociobiology tried to push through a hand-edited resolution condemning the new science as "an attempt to justify genetically the sexist, racist and elitist status quo in human society." The resolution also deplored sociobiology's pernicious influences on the young, through its use in school texts.

But after an hour's debate, the 300 assembled anthropologists overwhelmingly defeated the resolution—partly because to many it was reminiscent of the church's denunciation of Galileo or William Jennings Bryan's attack on the theory of evolution at the Scopes "monkey" trial. Margaret Mead shuddered at the thought of anthropologists joining the fair fight in "book-burning" efforts in the schools. Said she: "We are supporting

the people who attack everything we believe in! We are getting ourselves into an *insane* position." Concluded University of Chicago Anthropologist Marshall Sahlins, a strong opponent of sociobiology who also opposed condemnation: sociobiology is surviving "largely because it can claim persecution."

Sociobiology is essentially the evolutionary theory of Charles Darwin expressed in the terms of modern genetics: the central struggle of life is the drive to survive and reproduce. Yet the chief actors in the drama are not individuals or groups, but the genes themselves. Like the old aphorism, a chicken is just one egg's way of making another egg, a body can be viewed as merely a vehicle by which strings of genes produce other strings of genes. Ethologist Richard Dawkins writes that genes "swarm in

ALFRED EISENSTAEDT



MALE LANGUR MONKEY
Infanticide works.

huge colonies safe inside gigantic lumbering robots, sealed off from the outside world, manipulating us by remote control. They are in you and me; they created us body and mind; and their preservation is the ultimate rationale for our existence ... we are their survival machines.

This genetic *Weltanschauung* as perceived by sociobiologists appears to solve some problems in evolutionary theory. Darwin's version of the struggle for survival could not fully account for altruistic acts in some species—soldier ants laying down their lives for the colony, or birds risking death to save the rest of the flock by sounding an alarm about a nearby predator. The sociobiological explanation: the ant or bird that gives up its life is actually protecting nearby relatives with many of the same genes and maximizing chances that some of those genes will survive. If it is viewed as a selfish strategy by genes and not an altruistic one by individuals, the action makes evolutionary sense. It also implies that human altruism, and perhaps a good deal more of mankind's



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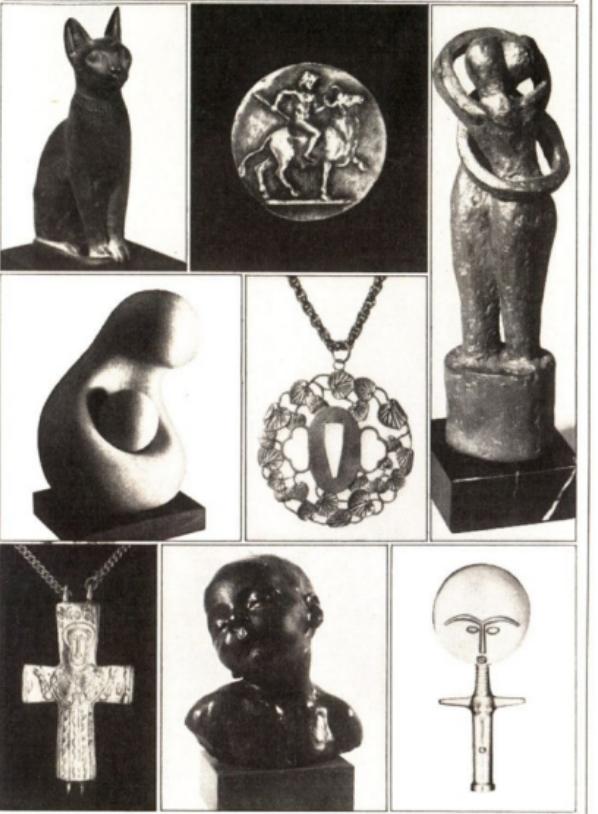
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BEHAVIOR

morality, may be genetically based. Anthropologist Sarah Blaffer Hrdy reported to the convention the sociobiological explanation for another puzzling practice in some animal species: infanticide. For instance, the male monkey langur has been seen to kill the infants when he takes over a group from another male. If he allows them to live, their nursing mothers will not ovulate for many months, delaying and reducing his chances of impregnating the females and getting his own genes into the next generation. Says Hrdy: "Infanticide is adaptive behavior, extremely advantageous for those males who succeed at it."

Heavier Stake. Sociobiologists have a number of explanations for differences in behavior between the sexes. One example: because males can spread their genes widely by impregnating many females, they are usually less devoted to rearing their young than females. The female has a heavier stake in protecting her offspring, because she can start fewer pregnancies in her lifetime than the male. The upshot of this argument, bound to outrage many feminists: in many situations, there is a built-in tendency for females to focus on food and nesting sites and for males to focus on many females. Even more provocative to women is Wilson's opinion that the sexual division of labor among humans "can be safely classified as genetically based."

Harvard's Lewontin dismisses theories like these as "barroom generalizations." Indeed, sociobiologists seem prone to concoct theories to explain a wide array of human problems. Harvard Biologist Robert L. Trivers presented the convention with his sociobiological view of parent-child relationships. Conflict is built in, he said, because parents divide their genetic investment—and their attention—among their children, while each child has a 100% investment in itself and struggles for 100% of the parents' time.

Though almost any human activity can be viewed through the lens of sociobiology, Wilson has stressed his belief that, at most, 10% or 15% of human behavior is genetically based. "For the moment, perhaps," he wrote in his 1975 book *Sociobiology*, "it is enough to establish that a single strong thread does indeed run from the conduct of termite colonies and turkey brotherhoods to the social behavior of man."

Yet the sociobiologists, including Wilson, continue to upset their colleagues with talk of "biologizing" ethics and revising the entire study of man. Says Trivers: "I think that every field that deals with humans is going to have to change sooner or later, whether it is economics, law or international relations. The reason is that social theory must rest on some conception of what the organism is attempting to do." In other words, mankind must learn to understand the drive of its selfish genes.

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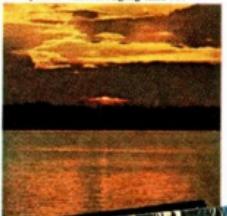
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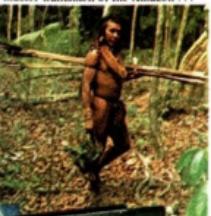
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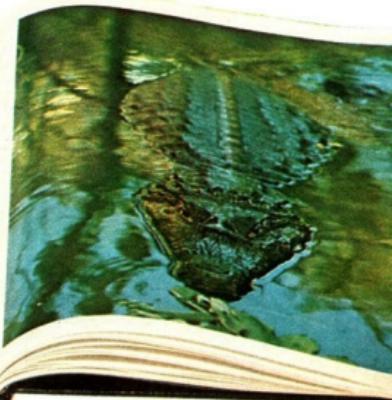
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CINEMA

The Contender

ROCKY

Directed by JOHN AVILDSSEN
Screenplay by SYLVESTER STALLONE

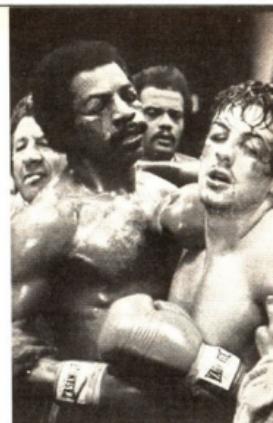
Rocky is a club fighter—THE ITALIAN STALLION, as he styles himself on the bathrobe he wears into the seedy boxing rings he works in his native Philadelphia. His style is crude, and he is aging none too gracefully. To supplement his boxing earnings he serves as muscle for a loan shark.

A certain sensitivity lurks beneath his dull manner, however. He goes all gooey, for instance, over his pet turtles, Cuff and Link. And the lady who works in the pet shop (Talia Shire) exerts a claim on his shy heart, though of course he has trouble articulating his feelings. There is really no place for poor Rocky to go but up—if only because an entire film devoted to so dreary a fellow would be intolerable. Almost immediately it is clear that this is another trip up the trail immortally, definitively explored by Brando in *On the Waterfront* over two decades ago: the coming to consciousness of a rough, untutored but naturally noble fellow.

In certain ways this is an unbeat-

able role. Sylvester ("Sly") Stallone (TIME, Nov. 15), who is as smart as Rocky is not, held out to play the part he created. He does it affectingly. Who can fail to yield to him emotionally as he talks to the animals and makes tentative advances to Talia Shire? Who can fail to be moved when, suddenly, he is given a shot at the title and must, all unaided, fend off the usual unsavory types (low journalists, exploitative managers, old friends looking for a piece of the action) who try to leech on to him? He develops a winning shrewdness about them—and himself—that blends engagingly with his natural compassion. By film's end the 30-year-old boy has become a man.

The story is achingly familiar, and though Stallone has a certain power, he is certainly not the subtlest actor to crawl out from under Marlon's overcoat. But the picture goes most wrong in the conceit it employs to lift Rocky out of the clubs and into the big arena for his title challenge. An Ali-like champion (Carl Weathers) blows into town for a championship bout and must find a replacement for the suddenly injured contender. *Rocky* asks the audience to believe that the champ reaches down past all the ranked boxers and all the up-



WEATHERS & STALLONE IN ROCKY
Going the distance.

and-coming kids to give this stale ham-and-egger a chance in an engagement on which millions are riding. It is not merely improbable in a time when even a legitimate challenger like Ken Norton, who is a movie star to boot, doesn't ballyhooed on closed-circuit TV, it is preposterous. One really cannot deal with such a howler and at the same time interest oneself fully in *Rocky's* quest for a moral victory (staying on his feet a full 15 rounds with the champion). I

We will sell no wine before its time.
Paul Masson



is too bad. *Rocky* was shot very inexpensively, giving hope to all who believe that it is possible to make an appealing and potentially highly popular film without spending millions—or even a million. Director John Avildsen shows here a stronger naturalistic gift than *Joe or Save the Tiger* demonstrated. When it sticks to its natural milieu the picture has simple and engaging strength. Only when it and the title character try to move up in class too quickly do they lose out.

Richard Schickel

Milk Train

SILVER STREAK

Directed by ARTHUR HILLER
Screenplay by COLIN HIGGINS

George Caldwell is not much of a hero, but once aboard the *Silver Streak*, a sleek train bound from Los Angeles to Chicago, he finds heroism thrust upon him. George (Gene Wilder) is the kind of guy who has his hands full even when he's not carrying anything, so he is hardly equal to the challenge. Say this for him though: he is a dogged fellow, and his blithering persistence manages to keep the villains tellingly off balance.

When George first got on the train, he was looking forward only to a little R. and R. Rest turns out to be scarce, although George soon encounters recreation in the person of one Hilly Burns

(Jill Clayburgh). She introduces herself in the dining car by saying, "I'm a secretary. I give great phone." This strikes George as the height of erotic sophistication. He orders a bottle of wine to demonstrate. "I give great French." Hilly smiles knowingly. These two soul mates settle down to giggling over their bubbly and bunking down together. As George prepares to enjoy himself, he happens to glance out the window and, instead of moonlight, sees a corpse, falling from the top of the train.

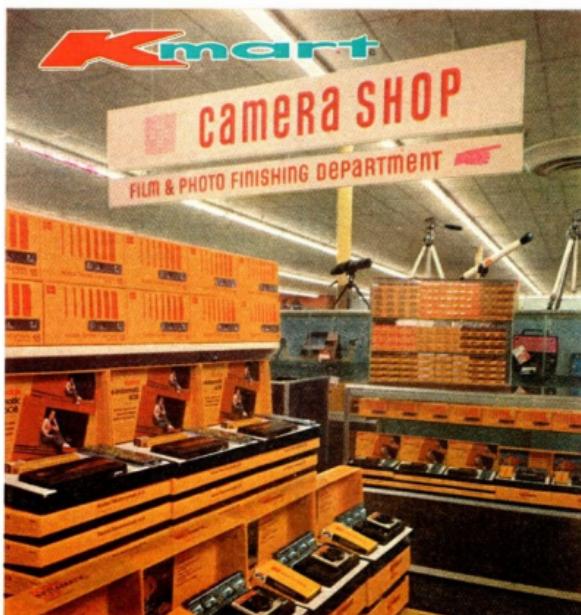
This moment, which should have been startling and funny, is actually thoroughly predictable and calculated. Watching *Silver Streak* is like leaning out a moving train window and looking ahead: you can see everything coming a mile off. The prospect is not entirely pleasant either. Besides the dialogue, which sounds like counsel from "The Playboy Adviser," the twists of plot have been extensively mapped by previous train thrillers from *The Lady Vanishes* to Cary Grant's interlude aboard the *Twentieth Century Limited* in *North by Northwest*. Director Arthur Hiller (*Love Story*) and Scenarist Colin Higgins (*Harold and Maude*) are simply following along the tracks.

No one believes George when he tells about the dead man, but, of course, there really was one. He had been dispatched by a whole carload of villains led by a well-tailored rascal called Dev-



MERRY CREW OF STREAK
Compounded confusion.

reau (Patrick McGoohan), who is embroiled in an unlikely scheme to protect his art forgeries. Suspense movies are not supposed to make perfect sense, but it is always nice when they come close. Hiller and Higgins toy with sorting out the plot only for the sake of appearances and waste a good deal of energy reaching for laughs. The result is compounded confusion, relieved only by one novel touch. This must be the first train movie in which the hero keeps get-



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RELAX



CINEMA

ting thrown off the train. It is a nice gag, which has the added advantage of introducing Richard Pryor. He appears as a thief, with the unlikely name of Grover Muldoon, who helps the long-suffering George on the train and off again a couple of times. What furtive sprightliness *Silver Streak* manages to work up is attributable mostly to Pryor, sly-eyed and fast-mouthed, an unbeatable antic spirit.

Jay Cocks

Spaced Out

SOLARIS

Directed by ANDREI TARKOVSKI
Screenplay by FRIEDRICH GORENSTEIN and
ANDREI TARKOVSKI

From Boston to Berkeley and at assorted points in between, a Soviet sci-fi movie called *Solaris* has been gathering momentum as the latest cult film. Based on a novel by the Polish author Stanislaw Lem, *Solaris* has to do with mysterious goings on at a space station, staffed originally by a crew of 85, which has been drastically depleted under sinister circumstances. By the time a psychologist named Kelvin (Donat Banionis) comes aboard, the station is populated by two disturbed scientists and a host of phantoms, including a dwarf and a nubile young girl in a blue nightie.

The station hovers over the yellow oozing sea of the planet Solaris. In retaliation for radiation bombardments from the station, the sentient sea creates figures from the spacemen's subconscious and bounces them back up to the station to haunt the inhabitants and drive them to suicide. Not long after his arrival, Kelvin receives a spectral visitor of his own: his ex-wife, who killed herself back on earth years before. Kelvin is immediately smitten by a lethal mixture of love and guilt, and his mission—and the fate of the space station—is imperiled.

Unconquerable Force. Promising as all this may sound, it becomes apparent after the first few moments that the movie is going to remain stubbornly earthbound. The effects are scanty, the drama gloomy, the philosophy of the film thick as a cloud of ozone. The plot is not all that original either. All through the seemingly ceaseless running time—nearly 2½ hours, and considerably trimmed from the Russian version—one is put longingly in mind of *Forbidden Planet*. A lightheaded piece of American sci-fi, *Forbidden Planet* (1956) was a genial reworking of *The Tempest* in which some American astronauts were trapped on a distant planet. There a wizard, a stand-in for Prospero, conjured up an unconquerable force field of "monsters from the id." Hearing this, one of the astronauts inquired without hesitation, "What's the id?" The people who made *Solaris* may be beyond such inspired silliness, but pomposity is no fair substitute.

Von Stade: Forget the Magic

There are moments of self-indulgence on the stage, she confesses, when an opera singer wants to begin crying silently to the audience, "Love me. Save me." Such occasions do not occur often, but when they do, it is invariably because the singer is worrying about the effect she is making. "Always looking for the magic traps you," she says. "When you've done your homework and understand every nuance of the characterization and music, it somehow frees you. Ironically, when you forget about putting out magic, it happens."

It happened, for instance, in Santa Fe, when she was not even thinking about her role as Melisande. As she recalls it: "At the point where Pelléas was coming toward me singing 'Je t'aime, je t'aime,' I was trying to decide whether or not to go to a certain pizza parlor after the show."

One way or another the magic happens often these days for the speaker—a radiantly pretty mezzo-soprano from New Jersey who did not attend her first opera until she was 16, could not read music until 20 and probably would never have entered music school if a friend had not dared her. Her pals call her "Flicka," but to the world of music, she is Frederica von Stade of the Metropolitan Opera and a clamoring chorus of other companies in the U.S. and Europe.

Last week, for example, her stage was the San Francisco Opera, where to cheers and sustained applause Von Stade wound up a two-week stand as the young-but-savvy Rosina in Rossini's *The Barber of Seville*. Then she headed for Italy, where next week she will sing the same role at La Scala. When not in the opera house, she is in the recording studios. Two new albums, *French Opera Arias* (Columbia) and *Frederica von Stade Sings Mozart-Rossini Opera Arias* (Philips), display what the fuss is about—a lustrous amber mezzo-soprano voice with an unusually high, sweet crystalline top and seemingly effortless agility.

Laser Beam. Her voice is only part of her appeal. At 31, Flicka is a trim size 8, with a modest but becoming bosom, rich brown tresses and a stage presence that somehow combines innocence and the poise of a pro. Says she, with disarmingly modesty: "I find solace in the fact that because of the ephemeral nature of the art, my performance, no matter how bad, cannot do permanent damage to Rossini."

Flicka loves applause, yet takes the shortest curtain calls possible. She is perhaps the least career-hungry diva in opera, yet few singers have gone so far so fast. It was Rudolf Bing who plucked her out of the Met opera studio when

she was 24 and gave her a contract. Three years later she surprised everybody by taking a season off to broaden her experience in Europe. There, in the spring of 1973, she scored a smashing success as Mozart's Cherubino in a new production of *The Marriage of Figaro* at the Paris Opera, with Sir Georg Solti conducting. Suddenly, she found herself an international star, and made a triumphant return to the Met—as Rosina in *The Barber*.

Flicka's current range of roles is in some ways limited. Her voice carries like a laser beam into the farthest reaches of an opera house, but because it is not large she shies away from the heavy Verdi and Puccini, not to mention Wagner. She may be ready for some of that music in five to ten years, although she herself doubts it. For now it is enough that she sings Mozart (Cherubino in *Figaro*, Dorabella in *Cost fan Tutte*) with exquisite taste, control and sheen. Or that she can blend the impetuous and the spiritual so deftly as Nina in Thomas Pasatieri's *The Seagull*, or the childlike and the vulnerable so magically as the her-

AT THE MET AS MOZART'S CHERUBINO



oine of Debussy's *Pelléas et Mélisande*. Starring in Rossini's *La Cenerentola* with La Scala in Washington, D.C., last September, she displayed enough bravura vocal fireworks to suggest that Flicka also has a bit of the hellcat in her.

That she does. Growing up in Somerville, N.J., Flicka was a tomboy. Horses were a special passion, and her nickname came from her fondness for the popular novel about a horse, *My Friend Flicka*. Her father, who was killed in action in World War II, came from a family of polo players. Her mother traces her ancestry back to Jonathan Trumbull, an early governor of Connecticut. At one point after she was widowed, her mother ran a combination restaurant and catering service with the help of Flicka and her brother. Flicka now easily throws together an impromptu meal for dozens of friends, but winces when she remembers a predawn preparation for a wedding feast for 400.

Real Bitch. Still a devout Catholic, Flicka went to convent schools. At 18 she hired on as a nanny in Paris to learn French, later worked as a salesgirl at Tiffany. In those days, and even when she attended the Mannes College of Music, she was more interested in the theater than in opera. "Give me Broadway any day," she said after her first visit to the Met, and she still appreciates the artistry of Barbra Streisand, Billie Holiday and Peggy Lee.

Flicka has said that she will take off the season of 1978-79, a lucrative period at this stage in her career. She plans to spend more time with her husband of three years, Peter Elkus, a baritone

HENRY GROTHMAN



AT HOME WITH HUSBAND PETER ELKUS
No permanent damage to Rossini.

MUSIC

who is just getting his own career going. She wants to have children and do more lieder singing, where, she says, "you paint everything with your voice."

As against those who like her just the way she is ("She really is an angel," says Sebastian Engleberg, her voice teacher for ten years), there are others who feel that Flicka's full potential has yet to be tapped. One of those is veteran Stage Director Frank Corsaro, who worked with her at the Houston premiere of *The Seagull*. Corsaro senses a certain turbulence, even aggressiveness inside Flicka. "I would love to see her play a real bitch," he says. The most immediate possibility is the neurotic, highly sexed *Fennimore* in Delius' *Fennimore and Gerda*, which Corsaro is discussing for next season with the New York City Opera. Says he: "We have yet to see the darker aspect of Flicka's talent emerge."

Britten: 1913-76

In June he was awarded a life peerage that entitled him to be called, although no one did, Lord Britten. It was an honor that acknowledged Benjamin Britten's rank as Britain's finest living composer and one of its best throughout a long history. In 1945 he produced the one contemporary opera, *Peter Grimes*, that has found a firm place in international repertory. Of the 14 other operas that he wrote, *Billy Budd* may soon earn a similar popularity, and if it does not, the underappreciated *A Midsummer Night's Dream* should. His plentiful songs and chamber works show the soulful, reflective side of his nature. The declamatory, powerful *War Requiem* (1962), which deploys huge forces and intersperses liturgical Latin with anti-war poetry, is perhaps his best work. Not one to compose in a vacuum or ivory tower, Britten in 1948 joined with

friends to found the Aldeburgh Festival in a little town on the bleak Suffolk coast he called home.

There last week at the age of 63, Britten died peacefully in bed when his weakened heart gave out. He had never fully recovered from open-heart surgery early in 1973 for implantation of an artificial heart valve. He came out of the anesthesia with partial paralysis of his right arm. The pity was that it ended his performing career. Playing with Cellist Mstislav Rostropovich and his friend Tenor Peter Pears, with whom he shared a semi-manorial brick house in Aldeburgh, Britten was a deft, expressive accompanist at the piano. He was an exceptional conductor, not only of his own works but also of Bach, Purcell and Mozart. His graceful, impassioned version of Mozart's *Symphony No. 40 in G minor*, for example, is the best on records.

Britten's music embraced a variety of styles—from church modes to 20th century dissonance—and there were those who felt that made him less of an original or innovator. History may decide differently. In his firm unwillingness to cut all links with the musical past, as so many important 20th century composers did, Britten prophesied a trend toward an assimilation of styles, old and new, that is only now gaining strength.

A lean, tweedy, modest man, Britten hated it when people referred to this composer or that, even him, as "the greatest." "Of course you can be the tallest composer," he said once. "Alban Berg was probably the tallest composer and Mahler was probably the shortest. But how can you judge that a particular composer was the greatest? Today Bach is considered greater than Handel, yet 100 years ago the opposite was true." For Britten it was enough, as he put it, "for people want to hear what you have written." In his case they did.

COMPOSER BENJAMIN BRITTEN CONDUCTING A PERFORMANCE IN 1963



MILESTONES

Married. Elizabeth Taylor, 44, busom film actress, and John William Warner, 49, former Secretary of the Navy, she for the seventh time (her former husbands: Conrad Hilton, Jr., Actor Michael Wilding, the late Producer Mike Todd, Singer Eddie Fisher and—twice—Actor Richard Burton), he for the second; at his estate near Middleburg, Va.

Died. Godfrey Cambridge, 43, actor and comedian; of a heart attack, while filming a TV movie in which he was playing Ugandan President Idi Amin; in Burbank, Calif. During the 1960s Cambridge frequently appeared on the *Jack Paar Show* and in several movies, including *Cotton Comes to Harlem* and *The President's Analyst*. His comic record albums and nightclub routines featured a wry racial humor. For blacks who have difficulty getting cab drivers to stop, he suggested a "rent-a-white" service to provide hailing by proxy.

Died. Daniel E. (Danny) Murtaugh, 59, who managed the Pittsburgh Pirates to World Series triumphs in 1960 and 1971; following a stroke; in Chester, Pa.

Died. Benjamin Britten, 63, Britain's finest composer (see MUSIC).

Died. Rosalind Russell, 69, whose Irish effervescence sparked on stage and screen for nearly 40 years; of cancer; in Beverly Hills, Calif. Russell worked on the New York stage before heading for Hollywood in 1934. After landing the part of bitchy, backbiting Sylvia Fowler in the 1939 film *The Women*, Russell went on to star in more than a dozen career-girl comedies, including *His Girl Friday* and *My Sister Eileen*. In 1953, she sang and danced in the Broadway hit *Wonderful Town*. Her voice, she admitted, sounded like a gargoyle, but her stylish energy was irresistible. Russell's most indelible performances may have been as the spirited, *soignée* Auntie Mame, who believed, as Roz did, that life was "a banquet." Neither the arthritis that ended her career nor TV reruns of her lesser films could quell her. "Flops," she once said, "are a part of life's menu, and I'm never a girl to miss out on any of the courses."

Died. Judith Lowry, 86, who played Mother Dexter, the obstreperous octogenarian in the TV series *Phyllis*; of a heart attack; in Manhattan. Lowry began acting in 1913, but she later interrupted her career for 30 years to raise nine children. Back on the boards at the age of 62, she appeared in numerous movies, plays, TV shows and commercials. In the late 1960s she posed for a poster that is still popular on college campuses. It shows Grandma Lowry in a rocking chair, serenely puffing pot.

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